

IMPROVEMENT ERA



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SEPTEMBER, 1926

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-
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Read Next Page

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How Cheap Is Life

How cheap is life to those who never feel
The pinch of poverty and pulse of pain,
Inflicting wounds that time will hardly heal,
Yet washing from the mind the sordid stain!

How cheap is life to those who never gaze
Upon the stars that circle round the sun,
And are not thrilled by their persistent ways
That never leave the tasks of time undone.

How cheap is life to those who in the whirl
Of social madness never lift their eyes
To where the oriental lights unfurl
Their spangled banners in the cloudless skies.

How cheap is life to those who leave the arts
Of peace and happiness and love behind,
To cast their lot with war, where breaking hearts
Distort and desecrate the master mind.

How cheap is life to those who never know
The names of martyrs of a noble cause,
Who never lift their hands to plant or sow
The seeds of faith in life's eternal laws.

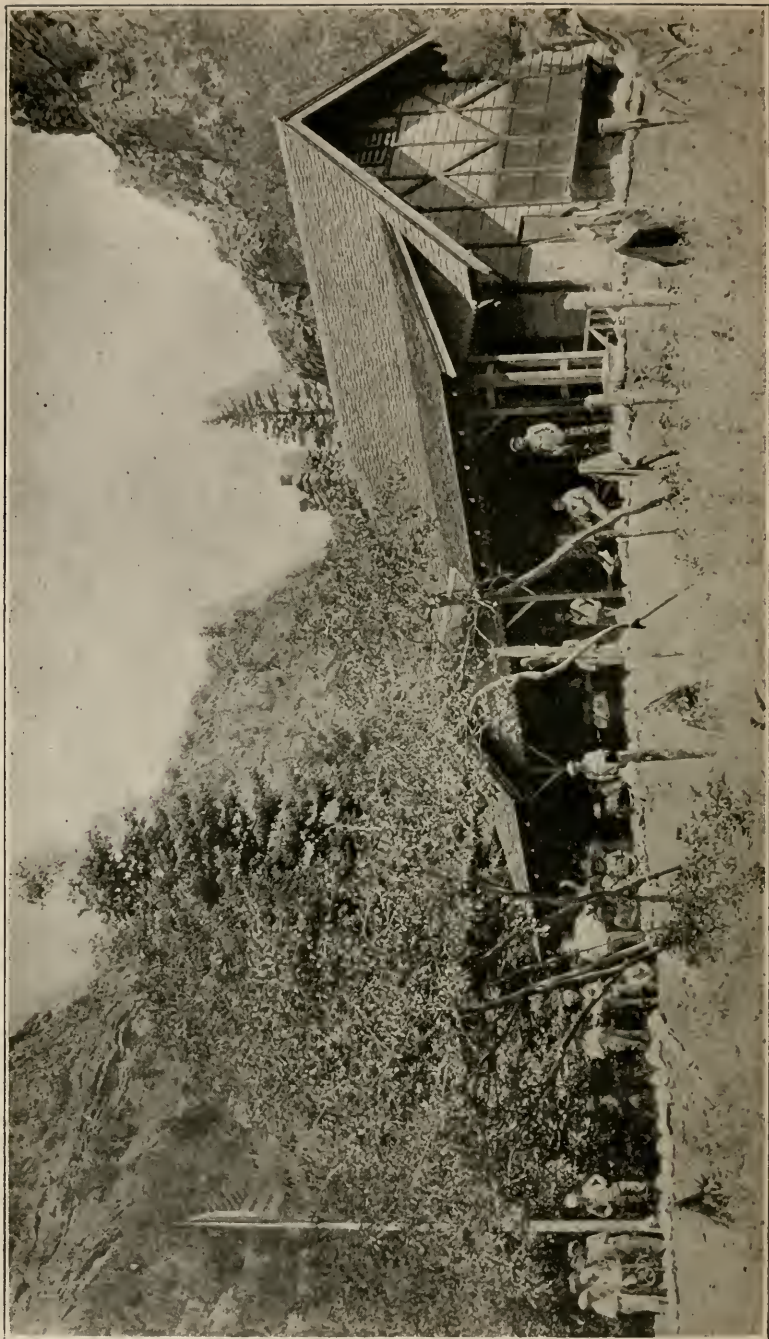
How cheap is life to those who worldly wise,
Divorce relations with the vulgar crowd,
Yet shrink themselves to such a shape and size
That they will desecrate the bier and shroud.

How cheap is life to those whose only source
Of happiness is in a world of chance,
Who see not that the planets in their course
Are fighting for the nations that advance.

How cheap is life to all the men and nations
Who try to crush the forces of the free,
Who scatter seeds of death and devastations
In soil that sanctions life and liberty.

* * * * *

*How rich is life to all who think and feel
That God and Nature, in a kindly way,
Are making to their children an appeal
That is to lead them to the light of day.*



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IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXIX

SEPTEMBER, 1926

No. 11

INNER DIMENSIONS

BY RAMONA WILCOX CANNON

More and more we live in a measured world. The science of physical measurement is older than the pyramids, and we have now progressed to the point where we know how far the planets are, and with instruments of precision we can measure a fraction of a milimeter. We have taken to measuring our food—calories, vitamins, proteins, carbohydrates, also our work, our play, our sleep. In our courts we measure justice, pronouncing punishments, even a life for a life. We spend our days endlessly and parsimoniously measuring out our time to the infinite calls of modern life. And to top the list, the psychologists have set about measuring our mental capacity.

But so far as I know, the mathematics of measurement has not yet encompassed the field of spirit. In this realm our imaginations may still be permitted to function. No one has yet attempted to plumb the depths of those inner dimensions of our spiritual life. The task is too vague. One would have to penetrate the shroud of mortality, and go back to the far away beginnings; one would have to pierce the veil that separates us from the infinite future.

Who can tell the kind of strength or number of the bonds that knit the spirits of the inarticulate babe and its worshiping mother, or the spirits of the uncomprehending human child and its parent, God? Why does a beautiful day, a magnificent view, an exquisite work of art, or perhaps merely a kind word, or contact with a sublime thought, temporarily change our entire outlook on life? We do not know, except that it is because of our curious spiritual timbre.

Why are silences between two harmonious souls often more eloquent than words? Because the spirit itself out-reaches utterance, which is merely a manifestation of the spirit. Why did all-wise Jesus

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reach the poor and ignorant who crowded about him? Because his great Spirit was "*en rapport*" with theirs, and mere knowledge could not prove a barrier between them.

The spiritual life is of such consequence to us that we may be showered with material luxuries and yet feel starved and unhappy. And on the other hand, there are many whose claims to material prosperity are humble indeed, who walk in a spiritual beauty that clothes their lives with radiance.

History repeats itself. All down the line nations at the height of their spiritual glory, have glowed and prospered, and, that glory once departed in favor of purely material magnificence, they have crumbled to decay.

It is a source of wonderment that, with so many examples before our eyes, the modern world, including America, should be veering rapidly away from the spiritual light of life. To realize that this is true, we need only glance at our modern literature, for literature always reflects its age. Too much of ours is dominated by a great fear—the fear of "maudlin sentimentality." The thought that authors may make their characters appear sentimental about marriages, for instance, leads them to present the realism of marriage, and that modern realism is the material side—the ugly, the crass. It means dishwashing for the woman, the pay envelope for the man—drudgery, shackles, passion—not the high communion of two immortal spirits, the joint service to God and man of two intelligent beings. There is a tendency today to blush with embarrassment at the thought of possessing a soul—a thing that cannot be seen and touched, or weighed and measured, or tasted and enjoyed.

Note the skeptical attitude of the majority of our magazines. Technical skill today is of a high order; but the stories we read have, for the most part, very little stimulation.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Are not *Main Street*, and *The Spoon River Anthology*, and other such products of our realistic, modern age, poor substitutes for Ruskin, Dickens, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Emerson, and the many other big souls cradled by an age that loved God and respected man's higher life?

Was it not Matthew Arnold who felt the change approaching, and bewailed the fact, commenting to the effect that he saw spirituality ebbing away from England like a full tide leaving her dry and barren?

The same result is manifest in the field of education. We banished religion from our schools and we find spiritual values fast slipping away in the wake of that religious training. Jesus said, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." But in many cases children of today are not going to become "pure in heart" from the diet of the school curriculum, especially in higher education, nor from contact with the personalities of some of the teachers. Fortunately we still have many teachers of a splendid type, particularly in our own midst.

But unfortunately, too many instructors are tossing forth crumbs of cynicism, pessimism, "disillusionment," sophistication, Freudian fallacies, material ugliness and skepticism, in place of real food—the moral and spiritual beauty that has animated true greatness in all ages. Again, "by their fruits ye shall know them." In a recent *Autumn Colliers'* is published the result of a survey recently made among many students of high school age. The girls answered a questionnaire asking them to state which qualities they most admired in young men, and the young men *vice versa*. In the girls' replies, honor was rather far down the list. Good manners they considered of greater importance. The fruits of our modern system are, to refer to an extreme case, Leopold and Loeb, the logical outcome of a Godless, cynical age, with no spiritual outpost for self-protection; and a great number of young girls who would rather trust their lives to men of good manners than to men of good morals.

It will not help us to grow pessimistic about these conditions and sit down and sigh or wring our hands. But it will help us to look them squarely in the face, and see what we can do about them.

First, we must remember that the brighter side exists. There are still fine influences operating in our literature, education, politics, and other channels of national life. We all know so many good people that we cannot believe in the ultimate evil of the world or of the coming generation. But this lack of spiritual values, this scoffing at what should be sacred—this utter independence of the thinking-machine and isolation of it from the soul-machine—is a grave danger. If we could take a census in our own country, I am quite sure that we would find the vast majority of our citizens desiring decent living, wholesome habits and even lofty ideals. We are not the gross materialists we are sometimes charged with being. We have made mistakes and wish to correct them. Our flare for figures is one force that is coming to our rescue. Psychologists are studying criminology, and the reasons and cures thereof. That will help. People are doing all kinds of intelligent work in prisons and reformatories, and that helps, too, though not nearly so much as preventive measures.

The difficulty throughout the country seems to be that the majority are a little too quiescent. It happens that many of those who are in the limelight are operating destructively to the interests of the race, and those who believe more sanely and rightly are sitting back not doing much. Concerted effort can accomplish miracles. It can make teachers realize that if they have nothing constructive to offer to their classes in the little asides from their subjects to which all teachers are addicted, they would better overcome the "aside" habits, and stay with their texts instead of giving young people constant snacks of unwholesome personal opinion, or of prevalent cynicism or pessimism.

Those who believe in spiritual standards and development should exchange silent acquiescence for propaganda. They should raise their

voices until their influence is felt and reflected in our literature and education and politics and churches. They should acclaim the fine and splendid things that are still being done, but too often without appreciation, and decry the things which are harmful.

Particularly it seems to me in the chaos of modern life and thought, parents have a duty toward their children far greater and more binding than in the ages when the churches and schools and general flux of thought have seconded the parents' efforts to create fine ideals in their children's minds.

Fathers have their opportunities and should utilize them. They should feel their sacred responsibility in this line. But for mothers—even though they are the busiest people in the world—the opportunities to commune with their children, spirit to spirit, are legion. It may be over the dish pan or the dusting, raking the garden, or giving the baby an airing. It may be in the bedtime story hour, or in the lispingly repeated prayer, or perhaps in the quiet twilight hour when the spirit, as well as the day, is in a mood of repose and serenity. It may be after the dance, at one o'clock in the morning, perhaps, when the adolescent boy or girl is wondering about this thing called life, and falls into a confidential state of mind. When children's spirits are questioning, mothers should never be too busy to stop and answer. The sad thing about our modern life is the little time it leaves us for spiritual communion in our homes.

I have great faith in the good intentions of American mothers. Frederick Haskin and the Home Economics extension workers throughout the country will bear out the statement that our mothers are trying to be good mothers. In defiance of all rules of etiquette, is there a tea or a dinner or a dance where their precious children are not discussed? Are not all mothers studying psychology? Is there not something soul-stirring about the young mother who was so recently a pretty little flapper, but now spends hours and hours pouring over bulletins about baby's health, his food, the vitamins in milk, the health in sunlight and all the rest? And does not the mother-go-shabby herself and cheerfully pay out most of her husband's earnings to the baby specialist who must see that her darling's body is growing to the utmost perfection known to science?

The mother who must get home to her young baby at five o'clock, does not in the least consider the embarrassment of her hostess who chances to be a little late serving refreshments at her party. She leaves without refreshments. Nor do the feelings of the three whom she leaves stranded at a bridge or mah-jongg table bear the least weight in her scheme of behavior. It is her baby she considers, not her husband, her friends or herself.

But some mothers who are perfect in regard to the physical welfare of their children and their training in manners are less careful about the spiritual side of their education.

In Michael Pupin's autobiography, *From Immigrant to In-*

mentor, he pays a wonderful tribute to his mother. In chapter after chapter it crops out like a vein of gold. Yet his mother was very poor, a peasant who labored in the fields and never learned to read or write. But the case illustrates clearly the immeasurability of those inner dimensions of the spirit. The impressions that this wise and pious woman made on the soul-life of her little boy remained throughout his life—guarded him, helped him to overcome bitterness, struggle, hardship, and discouragement, and to become one of America's great men and useful scientists. (Pupin is largely responsible for our radio and our long-distance telephone.) His mother taught him the psalms, as a little boy, and many other passages of the Bible which he had memorized from the Priest. When he became a great physicist, sound and light were not great fires of knowledge that obscured the light of faith, but rather manifestations of the harmonious whole of the omnipotent Creator.

Fathers and mothers should work together to keep the spiritual environment of the home at a high level. That should never be the school where little ones get their first lessons in back-biting, petty dishonesty, disloyalty, selfishness, injustice. The spiritual dimensions of the child are so immeasurable that the impressions he receives in his early years may grow to incalculable proportions. Many a crisis in later life will be solved by the sum total of the child's spiritual experience.

Let us all strive to create ideals which will lead both our children and ourselves to the higher life which gives its beauty to our earthly existence.

American Fork, Utah.

God's Music

A lilt of feathered song among the willows,
 The hum of bumble-bees,
 Fields of ripened wheat in amber billows,
 Jewel-frosted trees;
 Iris of early Spring in purple glory,
 Summer's daisied leas,
 The harvest's bounteous golden story
 Foretelling Winter's freeze—
 All these
 Whisper of God,
 A power near
 That one may hear—
 If so he please.

A kindly hand unto a foe extended,
 A baby's rippling glee,
 The surgeon's skill for love of man expended
 And not for fee,
 The master painting's mystic feeling
 That all may see,
 A friend beside a sick-bed kneeling
 On prayerful knee—
 All this to me
 Should speak of God,
 The source of life,
 The death of strife,
 Eternal melody.

But whispers are unanswered and unheeded;
 Few ever hear;
 So God has placed his organs myriad-reeded
 With sounds so clear
 That none there be whose dried soul-fountain
 Holds doubts so drear
 That he can look upon a lofty mountain
 But feel God near.
 Where man's a mere
 Speck of the infinite
 There are no doubts,
 Each bolder shouts:
 "The Maker's work is here—"

The awful majesty of rocky towers,
 Dwarfing the river-bed
 Drives out the cancerous doubt each heart embowers
 And leaves faith there instead.
 No whisper nicely tuned to acute hearing,
 No angel's silent tread—
 Creation's full stupendous size appearing
 To strike all questions dead.
 With gazing fed
 The viewer bows
 In homage deep;
 Then o'er the heap
 Of vanished fears lifts high his head.

Salt Lake City

M. G. JENSEN.

JOSEPH SMITH, AND THE GREAT WEST

HOW PRESIDENT BUCHANAN WAS PRACTICALLY DRIVEN FROM
THE PRESIDENCY BEFORE HIS TERM EXPIRED

BY I. K. RUSSELL,
AUTHOR OF "HIDDEN HEROES OF THE ROCKIES"

XI

"You are wasting your time in attempting to prove, in your *Improvement Era* series, that the 'Mormon' people were essentially loyal to America and did not go into rebellion against it. No leader can send soldiers out against the troops of the United States as Brigham Young did, and still claim not to be in rebellion. The 'Mormons' fled the United States and fought the coming of real American authority."
—Statement of a nationally known anti-"Mormon" writer.

When the statement quoted above was laid down before me, its author, who is a nationally known historian, thought he had scored a bullseye against a sophomoric intruder into the historical narrative of American growth.

And so he was a little shocked when the answer was flung back. The answer was:

"Your proposition is fair enough. But maybe there is one alternative, and I'll say there is. Yes, Brigham Young and the 'Mormon' people were disloyal and in rebellion, or else the President of the United States who sent troops against them was disloyal and guilty of treasonable conduct towards his own oath of office and his own America."

• And then we speedily counted the "Mormon" situation out of it, and went into the discussion of that great slave hierarchy which centered in the office of John C. Calhoun in Richmond, Va., for forty years before the Civil War, and in those forty years made and unmade senators in almost every state of the Union; made and unmade justices of the Supreme Court, and made and unmade presidents at will.

My critic charged also, reading from a standard history, that Brigham Young denounced certain presidents of the United States, and said of one that he probably was roasting in the hot place as his reward for a life misspent upon earth.

"Very well," was my reply, "but that is part of our case. Show me a president that Brigham Young denounced who was not a mere puppet of Calhoun's Slave Oligarchy, and in the end wasn't chucked overboard by Calhoun as soon as his usefulness was ended.

"Just so," I suggested, "Benton, the famous senator of Missouri, was thrown overboard when Calhoun turned against him, and just so Stephen A. Douglas, the brilliant opponent of Lincoln, was thrown overboard.

"You mean 'The Little Giant of Illinois?'" said my critic.

"Yes, was the reply, "and do you know who gave him that nationally famous name of 'Little Giant'?"

My critic, one of the best-read men of our day, confessed he did not know the source of that nick-name for Douglas, although he declared it was universally known.

"Well," was my reply, "and now we are getting into the real situation. The literature of the 'Mormon' people has been created by their enemies for the most part. One historian repeats what another wrote. The 'Mormons' struck west. That looked like marching away from America. You do not know your own American story and the zeal that the Illinois frontier, where the 'Mormons' lived, had for twenty years before the Era of Immigration to take the Great West for America. "And you don't know that the author of that phrase, 'The Little Giant' as a cognomen for Douglas was the same identical man who gave to the world the 'Mormon' 'Word of Wisdom' as a rule of life, and who declared as part of the 'Mormon' faith that the Constitution of the United States was written under divine guidance, and that the United States had a great and commanding role to play in the latter days. In other words, it was Joseph Smith who designated Stephen A. Douglas 'The Little Giant,' and who expressed some faith in Douglas when he turned from supporting the Slave Hierarchy in full, to opposing it in those movements which meant disunion and a Civil War."

This statement being directly challenged as "'Mormon' guff," our anti-"Mormon" friend showed thereby that he was one who died hard in his favorite pretenses. We outlined first the rising tide of the Slave Oligarchy's power until it had woven a net over practically all public men of the South and the Middle West, and over much of New York and Pennsylvania politics.

We outlined how Joseph Smith came into Missouri with his people at a moment when the Slave Oligarchy was dedicating Missouri to a political and cultural development, which would make the Mason-and-Dixon line one to box "tight little old New England" up in her own little corner, and would not box the slave states up at all, as was the intention.

We showed how Joseph Smith spoke out of the great political issues of his day,—and urged the taking of Oregon, and the use of his people for that purpose. And how, after his people were driven first to Illinois, and then out of Illinois, their persecutors, like the presidents Brigham Young spoke out against, were all servants of John C. Calhoun's undisputed seat of pro-slave power.

We indicated that it promoted and inflamed the hatreds that brought on the martyrdom and then followed through to Utah with Johnston's army.

"But prove to me that Joseph Smith is responsible for naming Douglas 'The Little Giant,' and then we can take up some of your other queer vagaries," was the challenge.

"Would you," was suggested, "take the word of a book of source historical documents issued by the Historical Society of the State of

Illinois, and grant that the 'Mormons' had nothing to do with its compilation?"

Our critic agreed. Then we took down a *Life of Stephen A. Douglas*, and read from that his own claims that the way he handled Joseph Smith, when a prisoner before him with a mob outside the court room threatening to hang him, was one of his own chief claims to greatness. He urged that his saving the life of Joseph Smith by overawing the mob had proved his own fitness for White House consideration.

"And now," we suggested, "if Douglas thought Joseph Smith important enough to be used as a presidential argument in his own behalf, would it be strange if he had impressed Joseph Smith enough to be designated 'The Little Giant,' by this 'Mormon' leader?"

"But never mind deductions; bring us a documentary proof."

Down came a volume entitled *Source Documents of Illinois History*, published by the Illinois Historical Society. First we read of the break in Illinois against Douglas, when Douglas made a speech defending President Buchanan, just when the Saints in Utah were being made the focusing point of Buchanan's pro-slave moves. Douglas flared back from his Senate seat in Washington at his Illinois hecklers: "They" he flared, "are a group of Danites, led by an ex-'Mormon' with an unwholesome record."

When Douglas thus named "Mormon" Danites as the cause of his troubles, over 15 years had elapsed since Joseph Smith had warned him that if he ever turned against the 'Mormon' people he would live to regret it. It was over 10 years since the 'Mormons' had followed out their long-matured wish to go to the Far West. Buchanan had followed them to Utah with Johnston's Army, and now Douglas was shouting at a rump Democratic convention meeting in Illinois, that they were only "ex-'Mormons' led by a Danite of unwholesome record."

You see, Douglas had a curious stand on the slavery question which made him both friend and enemy of the "Mormon" people. He was for slavery—but he was not for disunion. He wanted any community to vote it out—slave or free,—as is now proposed in nullification proceedings against the prohibition amendment. But he saw in the 'Mormon' people a group certain, by their New England ancestry, to inflame men of Kentucky, Virginia and Carolina ancestry. So he wished they were off the horizon, and out of the picture. They confused his pet theory—that Nebraska and Kansas and Missouri could settle their own affairs as to slavery if left to the ballot and colonization from the South or North alone.

When Douglas voted in accordance with his theory in Washington, the first forerunners of the Abolitionist army, that finally made Lincoln president, met to protest in Chicago. They summoned him home to "defend his votes on the Kansas-Nebraska bill." He came shouting fire and wrath against "ex-'Mormon' Danites," and some

pro-Douglas wag published this poem in the *Illinois State Register* of September 25, 1858:

O won't it be such fun
To crush the "Little Giant,"
Who conscious of the right
Is Saucy and Defiant.

Why can't he do like us,
Stoop low for place and plunder?
Such independence does
Excite our wrath and wonder.

Of course in open day,
We never will attack him,

For then he will call
The masses up to back him.

But at the midnight hour,
In dark and gloomy weather,
In some old grave-yard foul,
We'll congregate together.

And lay a secret plan
To stuff with spoils our leanness,
And hunting Douglas down,
Will gratify our meanness.

Now, of course, it happens that the great Douglas called—and called—and could not call the people up to back him. The Lincoln-Douglas debates were the final lowing of this leader to his herd. Instead of backing him up, they backed up Abraham Lincoln, just as the vast majority of the "Mormon" people did, and as Brigham Young did when he organized troops for the service most needed in the West—the protection of the Overland Mail route, from which Lincoln had had to withdraw his regular forces.

Now it so happens that when Douglas blamed his troubles on to ex-"Mormon" Danites, eleven years after the "Mormons" had left Illinois, some old-timer, entirely unconscious perhaps of the warning Joseph Smith had issued to Douglas, wrote to the *Peoria Transcript* this bit of Illinois history. It is picked up and printed by the Illinois Historical Society as an important source document. It was printed September 13, 1858:

"It is not generally known how Stephen A. Douglas received the sobriquet of 'Little Giant.' He is indebted to Joe Smith, the 'Mormon' prophet, for the first application of it to him. He was elected (to the Illinois legislature) during an exciting discussion of the Illinois difficulties in which Douglas cut a conspicuous figure in defense of the Saints. Their great leader, in giving vent to his unbounded admiration for Douglas, called him 'The Little Giant.'"

Douglas went on with Joseph Smith's friendship a certain way in life. But he proved too pro-slave for the growing abolitionist movement and too abolitionist for John C. Calhoun, and so was driven down, and plowed under, and died, as did Benton, the Missouri senator of similar leanings, with a broken heart.

Our critic subsided after these passages were read to him. He was gaining a new perspective on Utah affairs. Now it happens that all we have to do, to prove from documents with which the 'Mormon' people have nothing to do, that President Buchanan at last became a traitor to the United States in the opinion of so many leaders that he was forced out of the White House before his term expired, while many men with whom he was in close daily confidence were formally indicted for treason, is to carry on with the rise of the abolitionist

movement until, after downing Douglas in Illinois, it downed Buchanan in Washington and launched its Northern armies at Jeff Davis, the successor to the John C. Calhoun boss-ship.

"Mormons" not in Utah figured in these growing hatreds, for Parley P. Pratt quit New York in 1857, five months before his death in Arkansas at the hands of a murderer. He wrote his family of the prevailing dark mood:

"The darkness which broods over this country can be felt—it is no place for me. * * * The whole country is being overwhelmed with the most abominable lying, mockery, and hatred of the *Saints*, and with all manner of corruption. The legions of spirits are let loose and are working for a universal overthrow of all human power in this land. I am almost an intruder wherever I go."

In this mood he quit New York, sensing the mood in which Johnston's Army was soon to be dispatched. And in a prophetic hymn he penned this verse:

How often at evening your halls have resounded
With the pure testimony of Jesus so free,
While the meek were rejoicing, the proud were confounded,
The poor had the gospel; they'll think upon me.

When the union is severed and liberty's blessings
Withheld from the sons of Columbia, once free,
When bloodshed and war and famine distress them,
Remember the warning and think upon me.

When Parley P. Pratt thus left New York, President Buchanan was in his worst mood towards the "Mormons" in Utah. A little later Col. Thomas L. Kane was to break his wrath against the "Mormons" and to become the means of pulling Johnston's army out of Utah. This note is essential at this point, Brigham H. Roberts informs me, because one of Buchanan's most intimate personal friends was Col. Kane's father. Old Judge Kane was a notable man in Pennsylvania, and Buchanan rose on Pennsylvania Democratic votes. At the high tide of the pro-slavery aggressions we know our Buchanan. Now let us look at him in the lowering of that tide. It will leave no question as to who was disloyal—Brigham Young or Buchanan.

There arose a mood when secession became a certainty to the South. All through the South were American arsenals, where arms were held in readiness for the National needs. But these guns were flint-locks mostly. How could these flint-locks be exchanged for modern rifles? It only took a little order from President Buchanan to bring it about. Buchanan had some men in his cabinet who wanted to wreck the Union. We have told in this series how four of them, including Floyd, secretary of war, who sent Johnston's army to Utah and made the report justifying that course, were afterwards rounded up by Generals Grant and Sherman in their civil war battles.

If that was conspiracy to get northern arms into the Far West, to weaken the North in the event of an impending secession, then the

same conspirators would go further. They would deal with Buchanan to trade Southern flint-locks to the North for Northern modern rifles. And behind all this would be the dark shadow of Jeff Davis and secession. Let us see how Buchanan in this hour behaved.

It is Dr. Robert H. Browne speaking—Browne who grew up beside Lincoln, was an ardent abolitionist, and wrote a notable biography of Lincoln in two volumes. He thus notes the incoming of Buchanan to office:

"On Buchanan's inauguration he formed a cabinet and instituted an administration as fully committed to the service of the slave-power, led and managed, as Pierce's outgoing one had been, by the daring cabal of Southern pro-slavery leaders. Buchanan and his chief man of affairs and reliance, Jere Black, were surely not as zealous pro-slavery men as Jefferson Davis and Alex. Stephens, if they had been untrammelled: but while in office, in every visible way they seemed, as far as their capabilities and willingness permitted, to be as docile and bidable servants of slavery as the latter.

"When elected, Buchanan was a soured, disappointed old man who had been neglected and forgotten so long, and sent away so much that, when he gained his ambitious desire, the channels of his blood ran low. As a statesman, metaphorically, he was cold even in July. Black, on the other hand, could fire up to fever heat on an 'abolitionist' any time, even in January."

There you have an appraisal of Buchanan—not by a "Mormon" at all. It is by a historian telling how the Civil War came about from the standpoint of a loyal-to-the-Union devotee. Is it any worse than Brigham Young set forth? And we of Utah know that in motive both spoke alike, and both sensed a common enemy, whom both were fighting in another four years, as Brigham Young was fighting even in the time of which Dr. Browne wrote. To let him speak further:

"Thad Stephens made both Buchanan and Black his prey, under whose hands they were as green as cheese beneath the paring-knife of the German Burghers. * * * It is still a wonder in the Pennsylvania hills * * * that a state that should hold the treasured memory of William Penn and Benjamin Franklin must shiver and roast and argue over the descent of man from these to Buchanan and Jere Black.

"The artful, scheming, life-time servitors and projectors of the slave system, in shrewdness, perseverance and cunning far beyond any political leaders of their time, had loosed the old party of human liberty and equality of all men from its moorings, from the teachings of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Benton, and Douglas, to where Calhoun, Stephens, Benjamin, and Jefferson Davis were sailing the shoreless seas of tyranny, slavery, oppression and death."

Browne writes with deep feeling; he was near to his events, for his life during the Civil War was spent in the midst of the maimed and wounded. You will note that he does not even count Buchanan as one of the guiding spirits of his administration—he leaps right over Buchanan's head to land on that of Jeff Davis as the director. Browne further on speaks of the "treason-breeding administrations of Pierce and Buchanan." Brigham Young has been much denounced for speaking against both. Browne, on page 18 of volume II of his history, shows that Brigham Young did not question these men alone:

"When the plans were made to extend slavery into the Western territories, *which were no doubt begun as early as 1820*, the slave extenders had no intention of observing the limitations of the Missouri Compromise further than they were compelled to do as their interests changed.

"The plans for slavery extension were always a generation 'ahead' of the information given to the public."

This statement of Brown's is very important to the "Mormon" people, for they have always been written about by historians utterly ignorant of the covert pro-slave strategies of the days in which surface persecution of the "Mormons" were alone apparent. This whole series was written to uncover two series of covered actions—the pro-slave strategy to capture Missouri and Utah equally, from 1820 on, and the British strategy to capture Oregon and California,—Oregon then including, in the British mind, all Utah to the South end of the Wasatch range. This covert purpose ran through identically the same years, and Joseph Smith and Brigham Young intruded into the plans, equally, of both, and received the flare-backs of both groups, as they fought for American destiny and their Church's destiny alike. To let Browne picture the situation:

"From 1820 on the skilled engineers and pioneers of the army, and an intelligent well-trained body of men in and about the departments at Washington, knew very well that the plains, as they were called, west and southwest of the Missouri River, were fertile and productive far beyond any report ever made of them. They had an annual production of plants, roots, and grasses that supported buffalo, elk, deer, and numberless other animals, as well as birds by the millions. Also unnumbered thousands of Indians, as healthy and strongly developed as any of their race, lived and thrived over this almost boundless region.

"It was in this way that the slave-leaders contrived, not for a system based on contingencies, unexpected happenings, or emergencies, but in a steady, determined progress, with plans that were all that the wits, knowledge and ingenuity of their best informed and most capable men could make them.

"During this time Freedom and Free Institutions for the Great Expanse were quieted to sleep under the fascinating delusion that free labor would drive out slave labor in a competition for supremacy.

"In the plans of making Missouri a slave state, it was as much a part of them to gain and keep control of the Missouri river, as it had been to acquire and maintain control of the lower Mississippi. Their plans were never small nor hedged in by any kind of avoidable obstacle."

It would be interesting to follow Buchanan on through from the nominating convention which chose him as an unknown candidate because "the Northern Democrats were tired of Pierce who wanted renomination, but who had devoted his entire administration to the development of the slavery interests," to the shabby retreat from the White House, but space forbids. We must skip the period of the rise of Horace Greeley, of John Brown, of Senator Lane, and of Lincoln, and move on to White House affairs at the time of the flint-lock-for-new-rifles conspiracy. Browne approaches this period with this appraisal of the veteran president, Buchanan:

"In the four years under Buchanan disloyalty had grown and fattened until more than half the political, civil, and military offices were *filled with men who were actively plotting, and accelerating the Nation's ruin*. In these high places thousands of public servants were aiding, to the full extent of their means, the establishment of a slave confederacy."

In these words Browne covers the period when Brigham Young fought against Buchanan. Who, now, is to be judged as loyal? Browne goes on:

"How could it be otherwise, when this projected slave nation was near its zenith in organization and the Union appeared to be dissolving?"

"That the great Republic was falling to pieces was suggested by all that the *President and his cabinet, with other treason-spreading officials* did. In Buchanan's cabinet three of the seven were active conspirators, while of assistants, subordinates, and other employees more than half, in every department, were known to be up to their eyes in hatching treason."

But the story of treason is left to no such static condition. Senator Clingman of North Carolina was summoned by Buchanan's Secretary of the Interior. This Secretary, Jacob Thompson, stated boldly to Senator Clingman that he, Secretary Thompson, had been appointed a commissioner by the State of Mississippi to get North Carolina to secede. Senator Clingman asked him if he had resigned before starting such an adventure. "No," he replied, "I have not resigned." Clingman urged that he must surely intend to resign in the morning. "No," he answered, "I do not intend to resign, for *President Buchanan wishes us all to hold on and go out with him on the fourth of March*."

Here is your open treason, as reported to the Senate by one of its members. Clingman went on further to state that he pressed Buchanan's secretary to know if Buchanan really understood on what mission "Mississippi was sending him to North Carolina." Buchanan's cabinet officer replied, "Certainly he knows my object." Being pressed further to return to Buchanan and call the obvious treason to his attention, Thompson replied, "Well I can do so, but I think he fully understands it."

Later that evening, the Senator from North Carolina met Buchanan's Secretary of the Interior, and the latter came up with a triumphant grin: "I knew I could not be mistaken," he beamed, "I told Mr. Buchanan all you said and he replied that he wished me to go, and hoped I would succeed."

"I could not help exclaiming," said Senator Clingman, "*was there ever before any potentate who sent out his own Cabinet ministers to excite insurrection against his Government?*"

Mr. Thompson did go on that mission, was given a public reception by the North Carolina legislature, and returned to the bosom of Buchanan's family, where he was well received.

A little later Jefferson Davis was summoned before President Buchanan to read and approve, or amend, a forthcoming message to congress, a rough draft of which was handed to Jefferson Davis for his consideration. (Browne II, 480.)

"The weak and trembling president was bowed down and cowed,"

states Browne in the midst of a three-page denunciation of him as a faithless traitor to his oath.

Secretary Cass did all he could to break Buchanan's slavery ties. Failing, he resigned. "Floyd remained after Howell Cobb of Georgia retired to help secession in his state. Floyd remained a few days longer to act as an eavesdropper and informer for the benefit of his fellow conspirators, until he was virtually driven out, leaving a malfeasance of one or more millions . . . which were never accounted for.

"The effect of all this was piling up the ruins about President Buchanan. He was deep in consorting and parleying with these treason-bearing commissioners."

And then the exit from Washington:

"He was weak beyond description, without the spirit of a leader, the courage of a man, or the natural common-sense for an occasion: he was in consternation.

"In his shaking perplexity he received, on the 30th of December, from Jere Black, then Secretary of State, notice that he and Stanton, then Attorney General, would retire from the Cabinet, following the example of General Cass, if he parleyed with these commissioners.

"This brought the President sufficiently to his senses to send for Secretary Black, to whom he at once surrendered all that was left of his power and authority. He virtually resigned the management of the Government to his Cabinet."

And there you have the end of Buchanan, with a plain Illinois historian writing the facts—no "Mormon" at all. Can anyone, knowing this situation, refer again to Brigham Young as "disloyal" in opposing Buchanan, any more than his father and grandfather were when they shouldered muskets for America, and helped to fight its major wars of their day?

Chicago, Ill.

M Men Chorus

Over hill, over vale,
Ever on the upward trail,
Lo! the M Men are leading along!
On and on, mighty throng,
Zion's youth—*ten thousand strong!*
Lo! the M Men are leading along!

Proud array, day by day,
Swell the ranks of M. I. A.
And the M Men are leading along.
On they press, strain or stress,
Every step for mightiness—
Lo! the M Men are leading along!

Refrain:

Then it's M. I. A.
In the vanguard of the fray;
M Men of Zion, lift your song.
The nations know,
Wherever you go,
That the M Men are leading along,
(Keep them leading)
That the M Men are leading along.

Mesa, Arizona.

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN

THE OVERTURE

BY FRED McLAUGHLIN

Mrs. Templeton was young at forty-five, with cool blue eyes and shining brown hair that showed slight touches of gray. A calm, serene beauty enfolded her like an ennobling garment. The eyes of Leontine, a slim, dreamy girl of eleven, were blue also, but it was the blue of a transparent sky. Lorry, twenty, displayed the lithe, graceful lines of an athlete, but the pallor of an ascetic. He had deep, tender eyes, and the long, sensitive fingers of an artist. Lastly, Mr. Templeton, who was fifty and looked seventy, had thinning white hair, pale, empty, inefficient eyes, and bloodless, useless hands that caressed his scant gray vandyke with palsied uncertainty.

The table linen, though spotless, showed signs of many mendings; a few graceful, red dahlias stood in a narrow vase, and the food upon the table was plain to a point of dangerous abstinence.

"I'm sorry, Mother," said Lorry gently, "Mr. Bolkhov didn't seem to want me."

"You played for him, dear;" questioned his mother; "surely you play well enough for his orchestra?"

"I'm certain of it. He gave me a chance, though. He loves Russian compositions—naturally. He asked me to play one I'd never played, one of Tchaikovsky's, and I did it rather badly."

Mrs. Templeton was silent.

"Perhaps I was a bit over-anxious," continued the young man, "a little nervous."

"Perhaps Mr. Bolkhov expected too much, dear," said his mother. "It would have paid a hundred and fifty each month," mused Lorry, "for evening work only, and I could have continued my music course."

"Maybe you can continue it anyway."

The boy looked around at the naked necessities of their home. "No, Mother, you have sacrificed too much already."

"It has all been a labor of love, dear."

Lorry shook his head.

"Some day, Lorry," urged Mrs. Templeton, "you will be a great pianist—or a great director—like your father." She talked past the feeble old man as if he were not present, but when she looked at him her eyes were warm and tender with love. "He came so near—so very near."

Lorry remembered how near. The picture in all its vividness came back to him. He had been in a box with his beautiful mother, while his father, a man young at forty—trim, dark-haired, magnetic—had stood on the flower-bedecked stage and had brought forth from the instruments of his adoring orchestra, by the seeming magic of his waving, ebony wand, divine melodies which had held spellbound the massed humanity in the vast auditorium. His father had bowed as

wave after wave of tumultuous applause swept over the assemblage. He had raised his head and found the eyes of his wife, eyes that were shining with tears.

Lorry remembered even now how the music had stirred his soul; had lifted him, in imagination, to the glorious stars; and in his boyish heart he had determined that some day *he* would bring forth such soul-stirring, heart-filling melodies.

His father had turned again to his beloved orchestra; a beam of light had discovered, in the darkness behind the director, a sort of medallion, upon which had been printed, in fanciful letters, the title and the composer of the next selection:

"1812 Overture
by
Tchaikovsky"

The young man awoke from his reverie with a start. It was Tchaikovsky's Overture that Director Bolkhov had asked him to play. He had played it badly, and playing it badly, he had lost his chance to get a position in the orchestra. Strange . . . and his father long ago—

He pictured his father again with his Aladdin wand, that night so long ago, and he heard again the opening notes of that transcendent Overture. As he had caught the movements in the musical epic, he had felt again the fear, the confusion of the Russian people at the approach of Napoleon's army. While the great human drama had opened before him he remembered that—suddenly—the stage with its flowers and its crescent orchestra, the central, single figure, the vast, silent, rapt audience, and even the flowing lines of the auditorium itself had wavered and dimmed and disappeared in a blinding mist of tears. Happy and sobbing he had taken the music into his very soul.

With the sonorous notes of the Russian Anthem still sounding in his ears there had come a sudden, terrifying discordance, a crashing medley of noise, and, having dashed the tears from his eyes, he had seen his father lying prostrate before the stunned, silent musicians.

Some people had applauded, some had screamed, had roared commands, curses. The multitude had arisen and made for the stage.

The young man pictured next the long illness of his father; the rapidly graying hair, the dimming eyes, the faltering step, the palsied movements of his magic hands, and the narrowing, stooping shoulders that bowed his fine head ever toward the waiting earth.

Now it was Leontine, the child, who led him around; Leontine who played with him. The motherly care she took of him was a beautiful thing to see, for the stroke which had taken his strength and his music had taken half his mind. With Leontine beside him he would sit at the piano, a rapt light in his pale eyes, and run his aimless, useless fingers over the keys, making music that a child of three might make.

Lorry pushed a white hand through his thick, brown hair. "I'm

going to chuck it, Mother," he said; "I'm going to work, and quit the piano. You have given up too much already, you have sacrificed too much. I'm going to get a job, to buy some things for this little bungalow of ours. You—you need some pretty things, Mother . . . God knows you deserve them, and you need some ease—and some happiness. I'm going to get them for you—all of them. I have failed." He saw the tears beginning to gather in her eyes, and he got up and put his arms around her and his cheek against her shining hair.

"You haven't failed, Lorry," she said. "Just because you didn't play the—the Overture—" She held to his fingers. "I—I know so little about music, dear, and I have dreamed that you might some day take up where your father—"

Mr. Templeton caught at a word and turned his face to his wife. "Did you say the Overture, dear?" he questioned.

"Yes, honey," she said gently; "Mr. Bolkhov offered Lorry a position in his orchestra, and asked him to play the Overture as a trial."

"The Overture?" The pale eyes brightened. "That will be Tchaikovsky. I—I used to play it, didn't I . . . I used to play it, Leo—didn't I?" There was a childlike eagerness in his voice.

She nodded. "Yes, dear, you used to play it—beautifully!"

"Shall I play it again for you, Leo . . . do you want me to play it again?" He was trembling, and his thin fingers picked at the table-cloth. "I can play it, Leo." He hummed the first few opening notes in a grotesque, quavering voice. "That's the way it goes, Leo, dear; shall I play it for you?"

His childish willingness and enthusiasm hurt her heart, and she remained silent.

"Sure, Dad," said Lorry; "of course you can play it. We'd love to hear you. Go ahead."

"Bless you," whispered his mother, holding his hand against her soft cheek; "bless you!"

The prematurely old man got up slowly, with much difficulty. Leontine attempted to aid him, but was pushed gently away. "No, dear," he said; "Father is going to play . . . to play the Overture of 1812. You need not help me this time, honey; another time we will play, you and I; but tonight—this still fine night, with the moon outside—I am going to play. You will hear me play, Leontine; and you, Leo, my dear; and Lorry, my son, you will hear me . . . I am going to play for you."

Mrs. Templeton sighed as the broken man, by aid of trembling hands on the narrow table, got finally to his feet. He reached the portieres and held to them for support. He looked back, a gentle, prophetic smile lighting his almost empty face. "You will hear me play," he said softly. "Wait . . . don't come near me."

As they sat, listening, they heard his slow, shuffling feet moving across the living-room floor; they heard the sliding crunch of the piano

bench, and they waited—waited for the customary, senseless, musicless patter.

At least five minutes passed before a sound came from the piano. They had risen, intending to come in and see if he had fallen asleep, but when the first few notes struck their ears they sat down again at the table, amazed, incredulous, disbelieving—awed, for the music that came from the room beyond was the music of a master.

"Is it papa?" whispered Leontine.

"See, honey," said Mrs. Templeton.

Leontine tiptoed to the portieres and peeped through. She came back and stood beside her mother, fear and wonder written large in her eyes.

The boy, his face transfigured, stared into the eyes of his mother. "My God," he gasped—"no man ever played it—like that! Tchaikovsky himself could not have dreamed that it would ever be played—like that! Listen, Mother; it's a story of Russia . . . Napoleon is coming, and the people are afraid. Can't you see them running around? Can't you hear them crying? There is no leader—they don't know what to do. Listen."

A new note came into the music, a smooth, vibrant, strengthening chord. Lorry's sensitive face lit up. "There he is, Mother—a leader. Now wait . . . See? The music is deeper, richer. Under authority they are working, they are preparing to meet the French. It's all so clear, Mother, and all so beautiful! Music is so much fuller than words!"

The mother sat, as in a trance, listening to the father's music and listening also to the son's interpretation. "But he can't," she said; he hasn't played for ten years."

"But he is, Mother." Lorry's fine eyes were shining. "It is a dream, Mother dear, or—or a miracle!"

She raised her eyes. "I thank Thee," she said, softly reverent, "I thank Thee!"

"Listen, Mother," whispered the young artist, his soul expanding to the vast musical epic that stretched out before them, his heart filled with the wonder of that matchless masterpiece. "Listen . . . he is telling the story. Don't you hear the martial tread of armies, the rumble of cannon? The French are coming. Hear it, Mother? It's faint now—the Marseillaise . . . The French are coming!"

The boy paused for breath. "Here they come! Hear the cannon, Mother, and the screams of horses; hear the small guns—and the groans of dying men? They are fighting, there's the clash of steel . . . orders—commands. They are falling back, Mother—the Russians!"

"Oh!" whispered his mother.

"Wait—wait! The Marseillaise grows in volume—now the French soldiers yell. Hear the pounding of their horses' hoofs? They are winning. The fate of Russia hangs on this battle. They are holding, they are fighting their last desperate battle. Do you hear that, Mother? The Russian Anthem . . . faint now—but wait.

"Now the Marseillaise, but fainter—fainter and farther away. The French are moving back, the Russians are charging; hear the crashing shock of contact? There go the cannon—and the Marseillaise dies away. Hear the yelling—the wild maniacal shrieks of victory . . . Now the Russian Anthem—louder, richer, more dominant . . . now all the pandemonium noises of victory. They have won—and Napoleon has passed the zenith of his power! He has lost! He has spent the youth of France and gained nothing.

"It is nearly finished now, Mother. Only the merry-making of the people over their deliverance—and it is done. Oh Mother, the marvel of his playing!"

A vast stillness took possession of the house. Over the living-room, whence had come that wondrous epic of music, lay a silence more mysterious than the music itself.

"I'm—I'm afraid," faltered Mrs. Templeton.

Lorry led his mother into the living-room, where they found Mr. Templeton slumped forward against the piano, his feet sprawled, his shaking hands hanging limp and useless.

They lifted him gently to his feet, and held him up and talked to him. He turned his empty face toward his wife. "Leo, darling," he whispered, "I've had a most wonderful—dream!"

"Yes, dear," she said, her protecting arms around him.

The doorbell rang, and Lorry ushered in a foreign-looking man, a slim, dignified man with a pointed, black beard, who blinked in the sudden light.

"Mother, this is Mr. Bolkhov."

The tall maestro made a sweeping bow and Mother bent her pretty head.

"And my father," continued Lorry, and Mr. Bolkhov bowed again.

"You will pardon," he began—"but I was driving by, in the moonlight, and the music . . . I could not refrain from stopping because of the music, for I think I have never heard the Overture played so—so divinely." He turned to the young man: "If you will permit me to reconsider my decision of this afternoon I shall be glad to offer you a position . . ."

"Mr. Bolkhov, it was not I who played the Overture; it was my father."

The Russian studied the stooped, fragile figure standing between Mrs. Templeton and Leontine. He could not fail to note the blank, expressionless face, the pale, aimless eyes, and the palsied uncertainty of gesture. "Droll," he said at last; "young man, you—"

"My father played it," said Lorry simply.

The maestro spread out his hands. "Will you accept a position as pianist in my orchestra?"

"I shall be glad," said Lorry.

Washington, D. C.

THE LAST BATTLE

BY LENNA HOUSKEEPER

For a year, old Mr. Brown's life had been confined to the quiet routine within the four walls of his home, and that is why I was privileged—or rather obliged—to visit him in the privacy of his own little room in the old fashioned cottage.

My mind was working busily as I walked rapidly up the gravel walk, dodging now and then to avoid the hanging ivy vines which entangled themselves about in the bushes on either side of the path. I knocked vigorously upon the door and waited while the sound of tottering foot steps became clearer and clearer; finally the door was swung open and I looked into the most venerable old face I ever saw.

"How do you do, Mr. Brown. I am Mr. Bleach, representing the Eastern Construction Company in the interest of the new reservoir project. I presume you know I wish to make definite arrangements by which we shall be able to secure your land."

A fire seemed to kindle in the old gray eyes as he answered: "Come in, young man. I want to say something to you, and the breeze through the door seems to make a rattlin' in my throat. Sit down in yonder chair. I will just draw this shade a little, the sun in the afternoons is a little bit troublesome, makes a kind of dizzy light in here, don't you think? Mary says that is just a notion of mine. Maybe it is, everybody has their notions and I guess its a good thing. Some of these young folks got a notion that the old town ain't no good the way it is, and wants to tear it all down and fill it up with water—and that's what you came to see me about?

"A number of years ago, I just can't recollect how many—my head sometimes buzzes and the years get all mixed up in my mind—but many years ago I first set foot in this country. I was an awkward, blushin' youth then, not very promising but as sturdy and brave as any when it came to a show-down with the Indians. Yonder fields were covered with brush and rocks and from yonder hills came the red men in groups, shouting, yelling, anxious to kill and a longin' for our scalps. Nights we sat up and watched, for our little settlement wasn't safe, and we watched and prayed and hoped and worked. Our days were darkened with trouble, yet brightened by faith and hope. Our provisions were scanty, so was our clothes. We struggled with the stubborn soil to eke out a mere existence. Our young men became old and worn and our women was weakened by hunger and anxiety. Disease came among us and many was laid in a final resting place on yonder hill.

"A family of seven I recollect was murdered in cold blood one night while sleeping in their cabin. That was after we had begun to build outside the fort and take up farmin'. Their burial was simple, no flowers nor marble stones adorned their graves, but they was hid

up as much as we could hide them. We feared the red men would count our dead to see how many was left.

"Then came the war. It was God's country, our country. God's promised land to us and we fought for it,—many died for it. We killed and they killed. Sometimes I wonder if we done right by them, but we couldn't make them understand that all we wanted was peaceful homes. I sometimes wonder what took us through them days of savage warfare. I'll never forget the look in John's eyes when we left him wounded and rode on. John and me had been raised together as boys, his troubles was my troubles; and his joys, my joys. We played together and—so when they needed us—we fought together.

" 'Jim,' says he, 'there's a long seige on and I'd like to live to see it to a finish. See there's little Annie, waving a bit of red flannel from the top of the wall—God bless the little gal—she must have schoolin' when she grows up. Things would have been different if her mother had lived, but it just seemed like we had to lose her in that spell of fever.'

"John had married. That was the only thing he ever did that I never, and that was because we both wanted the same gal. Then we rode off and John just kept a lookin' back sort of longin' like. We rode and rode, and arrows flew thick all around us. I looked at John and him at me, and then he screamed. His horse fell. I could have died of grief to see him shot down right beside me. I got off and kneeled down by him. I can never tell you how he looked at me, but there was death in his eyes—and a queer rattlin' in his throat. 'Jim,' says he, 'I'm dying. We've always been pals, all I've got belongs to you, and all I've got is little Annie,—God bless her.'

"I'd gladly have died in his place but all I could do was to flee and fight, to flee and leave him! Knowing that any minute the savages would rush and scalp him.

"When the worst Indian troubles was over, our heads was bowed down in grief, but our hearts was lightened with hope. We began to settle outside the fort again and that's about the time me and Mary was married and built us a little cabin just back of where this house stands now. Times was hard but us young folks was gay. Many, many moonlight evenin's we danced those good old fashioned catillions to the tunes old Tom Jones played on his fiddle. Danced! I guess we did. Right on the bare ground where it was smoothest.

"Bill Smith's wife started up a school in the back lean of her cabin. She was a widow, Bill havin' been killed in the war. That was the only schoolin' I ever had, was there in that little shack. I was a man, then, but that woman did know a powerful lot fer them days. 'Course I didn't go there very long, fer a man has other things to do. There was nothin' much doin', exceptin' church on Sunday and once in a while a huskin' bee, or a good old-fashioned hoe down. Yes, and after a while they did get what they called spellin' bees. But me and Mary didn't take much in after a while. There was little John dead, he was our first boy, and Mary was a cryin' her eyes out. I'll tell you

I had a sort of lonesome feelin' creepin' over me, too. When I was a workin' out in the field I used to look at his little grave off on the hill, and wonder how it would seem if he was a runnin' around and a climbin' up on my lap when I came in at night. Fer a long time all the children we had was John's little Annie and her a really gettin' to be quite a gal.

"Times sure changed fast. A few more people kept a comin' and a settlin' up against us. We got to raisin' more crops. Some of us begin to addin' more log rooms on to the ones we had and after a time we got to building right smart houses. Schools was gettin' more common, too, all our young ones went some, and then Will Smith put up a little store. I don't recollect how it all came about but we got better machinery to work with and buggies to ride in. I'll tell you things was sure gettin' handy, and us a workin' and gettin' old and our children a growing up and gettin' married.

"The first thing I knew there was trains and automobiles and fine houses. The fields which used to be all rocky and hilly was green, and shade trees and fruit trees took the place of the shale and brush. I'll never forget when we planted that plum tree in yonder corner of the garden. Ever' time the smell of them blossoms comes floatin' in with the breeze I have to think of it. I can just see Mary as she smiled down at little Annie and told her daddy was plantin' some trees so the kiddies might play there—and they did. My children and my children's children, and my children's children's children have swung from those branches and played at house in the shade of them trees. I can just see their little, dimpled, laughing faces now.

"And now would you destroy it all? Oh Heavens!—that I should live to see the day that our life's work is all undone. I'm an old man now, Mary's an old woman. It's the only home I've got, the only home Mary and me ever had. Here our children was born and here one of them died. The rest of them have married and settled down around us. Out of this very window I can set and see the road me and John rode off on that day;—the same road Mary and me drove off on when we went to git married, the same road we came back on, happy as two larks, when we was man and wife; the same road that our little John was took over when they took him out and layed him to rest; the same road that our children used to come troopin' along from school.

"I used to ride home along in the cool of the evenin' after a long, hot day in the fields and then I'd watch the dusk sort of gatherin' in about the east mountains, then a sort of peaceful calm would steal in and creep over me. The breeze would carry with it the smell of blossoms, the birds was chirping kind of drowsy. Out in the old pond the frogs would commence to croakin' and the crickets would sing in that sad, dismal way, and then I'd always think of Mary, 'cause I knew when them crickets was a singing she was a thinkin' and a feelin' lonesome fer the time when she was a little girl back in Iowa, and how now she was a watching, supper on the stove, and a watchin' down

the road fer me to come home and our darlings would come racin' and laughing to meet me and then—Oh, what would I do if that road wasn't there—no if I wasn't here—if me and Mary have to move. Oh, no; God forbid, they won't do it, they won't tear us up from our old home. They couldn't. It would kill us like it kills an old, useless tree when you tear up its roots. You can't make it ever live anywhere else, it would just have to die that's all. It's worse than when they cut up in the mountains. There we used to set on the porch and see the deer come down on the foothills to drink. Us and all the animals was such friends. We loved them cause we knew that's what God wanted us to do when he put them here among us, and then they made a track through our hills and a great, noisy, cruel engine came rushing through, a groanin' and puffin' just powerful and scared all our deer way back in the hills and then when I'd set out on the porch all I could see was them trains. I don't hear well any more, and can't see very good either and so I set and look that way and think the deer are there again and that all is still and peaceful.

"Oh, that God in his mercy would spare me this—Oh, never! never! never! will I consent—not till the day this old gray head goes down in death. Tell me, do you think it's just? It's all I've got—all I've had, all I ever wanted, and all I want now, but I want it! I've got it, and no one can take it from me now.

"Things is lookin' queer—its dark—no its light, and there's John—my old pal—you won't let them will you—I knew you'd come help me if you could—you always did come to help me—and so now you've got away from them killin' red men and come to help me? Thank God—it's all right now—everything all right!"

The light died out of the old gray eyes, the feeble hands relaxed. The last rays of the sun stole in feebly and played upon the venerable white locks. A smile serene was printed on the careworn face.

Now the future might have its way, because the past had claimed its own!

Richfield, Utah

Father

Those weary steps we hear no more;

The voice we loved is still.

We miss his presence around our home

No other one can fill.

He is not very far away;

Yet he has gone to stay

Until his Father's voice shall say:

Take part in Resurrection day.

So come, dear children, let us know:

"God's wisdom knew the way:"

Let us prove faithful to the end.

Thy will be done, O Lord, today.

ANNIE S. HATCH.

WHY BE AN ACTIVE CHURCH MEMBER?

BY MRS. R. A. A. REES

It is a common thing for the thinking person today, reveling in his emancipation from the ignorant and fear-producing superstitions of the past, to renounce allegiance to any and all creeds. What are ceremony, convention, creed—but shackles binding free thought and restraining free action? And we of the West especially, we want to live our own lives, think our own thoughts, be individuals. What says our spokesman, Joaquin Miller?

“Room! room to turn round in, to breathe and be free.
To grow to be giants, to sail as at sea,
With the speed of the wind, on a steed with his mane
To the wind, without pathway or route, or a rein.”

Truly we must respond with our whole being to the spirit of these lives. We could scarcely feel that we had fully lived without sensing from time to time this exultation in life.

Yet, practically, we could not hope to “grow to be giants,” if we went “without pathway or route or a rein.” Our human intelligence would lead us to take heed from those who had preceded us into the great unknown region. We would not lose life or limb by venturing unprepared into danger. Certainly, says the free thinker, we may rely on the church to teach us moral principles for guidance in our lives, but it is not necessary: those things we have learned long ago at home and at school.

Granted, but do we not, as human beings, need to be continually reminded of our duties?

Doubtless, replies the free thinker, but again, the church is not necessary. There are books and books these days. Sermons can be read at home or heard over the radio. I believe in being honest, and helping the poor when I can. That is my religion. Why do I need to trouble myself about the Church and wear myself out attending meetings? Besides scientists disagree with theologians. I am not sure there is a true Church.

Are not these last statements reasonable and true? Do they not justify us in thinking our own thoughts by our own firesides and giving the churches the “go by?” Yes, certainly, if there be no resurrection, if this life be all. Since we are flesh and bone, the question is ever before us, and will not let us alone. While our years increase, the question confronts us oftener and oftener. The church offers us the best that other men have thought on this subject besides the words of “prophets, seers, and revelators,” and says, “Come, let us worship together.” The free thinker has answered: I have my own opinions on this subject, I love to be free, and I stand as good a chance of happiness in the hereafter as anyone else.

He therefore stays at home. He thinks his own thoughts till he has no more to think. He may think he will "grow to be a giant," but by losing contact with other men's highest thoughts, like one who does not travel abroad and see real "giants," he comes under the delusion that he himself is "a giant," while in reality he is a dwarfed individual. Not accustoming himself to the exchange of thoughts with others, he fails to develop his powers to the utmost. Shakespeare says:

"No man is lord of anything—
 Tho' in and of himself there may be much consisting—
 Till he communicate his parts to others;
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
 Till he behold them formed in the applause
 Where they're extended; who, like arch, reverbrates
 The voice again, or, like a gate of steel
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
 His figure and his beat."

The greatest projects in human welfare were begun by the churches, or are now to be found in church activities, such as social uplift and charity work. To share in these is to draw out and to build up the abilities of the individual, to educate him actually. Ben Jonson says:

"Why dost thou careless lie,
 Buried in ease and sloth?
 Knowledge that sleeps, doth die,
 And this security,
 Is the common moth
 That eats on wits and arts, and that
 Destroys them both."

It is true, active church membership calls us from our firesides, and drags us from the indifference and stullification of our own narrow conceptions into the field of labor. Church membership demands more or less giving of ourselves. "He who would find his life must lose it," says the greatest church founder. Paradoxical as this may seem, it is nevertheless true, and it is no miracle that it is true. As we put forth effort, we develop and learn. Religious inaction, like inaction of any kind, produces corresponding weakness, leading to decay. The moral and spiritual in life needs to be quickened that there may be a fulness, not an abortive or dwarfed condition.

The non-church member, in thinking he will be free, is rather more like a barnacle, remaining attached to his own old framework, and never learning to be a free swimmer in the sea, by moving among his fellow creatures. He does not partake of the cup of communion sitting beside another as weak as himself; he does not feel the thrill of sympathy and kinship that would be given him by the bond of common faith and hope as witnessed by the cup. He gets out of touch with humanity, and it may be that a fellow mortal might be needy, to whom he would never be able to give worth-while assistance because he can not rightly sympathize with one whose better self is unknown to him.

No, there is no great perfection or accomplishment in isolation. The value of concerted action and organization is a heritage from the past. Each person can find a church, if he has not already done so, to the basic principles of which he can honestly subscribe. We are not hampered in our freedom merely because we find others who agree with us. Because our thoughts are our own, it does not follow that no one else has the same thoughts. We unite with others in believing that there is a great purpose in earthly life, and we hope for a life hereafter. To this we can add a number of other basic principles which we in common with a group believe. We do not surrender our individuality by joining a church; we merely unite with others whose views in the large are our own.

In addition to the personal development, human sympathy, and opportunity for accomplishment that the non-church member fails to get, think what one of the intellectual type foregoes by denying himself the church. He associates with his fellow men in everyday life, sees them struggling for a livelihood, dressed up at social functions, or in competition at school. When does he share their highest thoughts and see them at their best? When does he feel that human beings are nearer to gods, and less like mere animals? Certainly, in church, where the purpose, however, for it fails of perfect attainment, is notwithstanding to worship and think seriously about life. Here are spoken some, at least, of the greatest thoughts of mankind; here may be heard the most sublime in music and song; here is the best in art, and here we may mingle with the best of the earth. Wilson, Roosevelt, Bryan—all came here for solace and help, not ashamed to acknowledge they believed in Christ.

Yet, says one, such and such a church does not give development. this other is not inspirational, etc. My answer is, there is some church that will give you what you desire. Find it, and join it.

"Redeem the time; what thou hast lost in slumber,
 What thou hast wasted in creating fears,
 Shall never be atoned for in number
 And gathering weight of the eternal years.
 Redeem the time; the hours are sweeping o'er thee
 Like flying stars; and thy blank years may stand
 In sad, reproachful, spectral hosts before thee
 In haunting shadows o'er the sunless land."

Salt Lake City

Fret Not

Do not fret about the past,
 Live each day as if the last,
 Be contented with thy lot,
 Trust in God and murmur not.

JAMES HAYTON.

AN ENGLISH PROFESSOR INTERVIEWED

BY HAROLD L. SNOW

English people gain a much different, and certainly a more desirable, impression of Utah when they visit this country than when they hear a lengthy discussion of the "Mormon" problem in England, or read some anti-"Mormon" article in an English newspaper.

"It makes an Englishman proud to think that many of the Pioneers were of his own blood," declared Professor Charles Sisson, of the English department of University College, London, England, who made a six-weeks' stay in Utah while he taught English literature in the University of Utah first term of Summer school. "No one can traverse Utah from north to south," he continued, "without being amazed at the work that has been done in the short time by few people, making a great state out of what was almost a desert.

"I wish I could stay longer in Utah. In the short period of six weeks that I have been here I have visited nearly all parts of the state from Bear Lake to Zion Canyon, including all of the many canyons and a hike to the summit of Mount Timpanogos." From the heights of that tremendous mountain, Professor Sisson was greatly impressed with the beauty of the "wide stretch of smiling, fertile lands below," as he expressed it.

"The scenery of Utah is wonderful," the English professor declared. "Bryce's Canyon is the best I've seen in the world. I have traveled all over Europe and Egypt and don't know of anything to equal Bryce's Canyon.

"As an Englishman I've felt more at home with the people of Utah than those of any other state I've been in yet. Most of the people I meet seem to be either first or second generation English. Wherever I've been in the States I've talked of Anglo-American understanding and cooperation, and have found it universally welcome. I've tried to find anti-British feeling and can't; least of all in Utah.

"It seems to be accepted that the two greatest powers for good in the world will depend largely upon their cooperation. Anything that will help to increase this cooperation and understanding is a service to humanity.

"I felt it as a happy omen when I was shown Independence Hall in Philadelphia. The chief custodian there was a native of Yorkshire, with the good old Yorkshire accent. This is symbolical of the English delight in the growth of this great commonwealth.

"I think it should be a definite policy to send as many American students as possible—preferably undergraduates—to English universities and *vice versa*, and where possible to effect an exchange of professors also. I've not yet met a student from Utah at London University, but I hope to some day soon."

University of Utah

FOR A MESS OF POTTAGE

BY GEORGE F. CHRISTENSEN

"And the Lord said, * * * I will perform the oath which I swore unto Abraham thy father; And I will make thy seed to multiply as the stars of heaven and will give unto thy seed all these countries; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blest; Because that Abraham obeyed my voice, and kept my charge, my commandments, my statutes, and my laws."

Such became the birthright of Isaac. It was to have been the heritage of Esau, who was Isaac's firstborn, but—

"And Jacob said, Swear to me this day; and he swore unto him: and he sold his birthright unto Jacob. Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentiles, and he did eat and drink, and rose up, and went his way: thus Esau despised his birthright."

Through faithfulness to the will of God, Abraham had been promised grand and glorious blessings for himself and his posterity. Esau was his rightful successor, but, for a "mess of pottage" he sold his legacy.

"Go ye out from among the nations, even from Babylon, from the midst of wickedness, which is spiritual Babylon." D. and C. 133:14.

And the Lord designed that his people should stay out!

The Latter-day Saints have been called out of the world—out of Babylon. Through abiding in the laws of God, we will receive the same blessings that were promised to Abraham, for—

"This promise is yours also, because ye are of Abraham."

"And inasmuch as they are faithful, I will multiply blessings upon them: and their seed after them, even a multiplicity of blessings."

Some of us are drifting back into spiritual Babylon. We are becoming ensnared by worldliness. There seems to be an increasing number of drifters, or inactive members, in the Church, folks who are "Mormons" by name only, and who are far—very far—from being Latter-day Saints by deed.

When we are inactive and drift along, we become Esaus. When we forsake the promise from God of health and strength, wisdom and knowledge, and the mercy of the destroying angel toward us, and adopt the cigarette, the steaming cup, and the hip-pocket flask, we are parting with the invaluable. When we read that the Lord has promised to open the windows of heaven and pour us out blessings to overflowing, if we will but remember him, as Abraham did, with tithes and offerings, and then fail of our ten per cent, we have no claim on those blessings. When we think of the sacrifices of our

parents and grandparents for the sake of the gospel, and then dishonor them by not remaining "true to the faith," we cut ourselves off from our heritage. When we fail of salvation and exaltation in the Celestial kingdom because of not enduring to the end, and of keeping ourselves unspotted from the sins of the world, we are despising our birthright just as Esau despised his.

Let us beware lest we part with our blessings and our heritage "for a mess of pottage."

Winnemucca, Nev.

A Dream of Fame

Deep seated in my sub-conscious soul,
A wonderful dream took form;
Of a substance rare and a form most fair;
Enraptured I drank of its charm.

In the world of men I had sought my place,
Longing for work worth while;
But the thing I sought I recognized not,
'Twas hidden in a baby's smile.

In my dream I sailed the sea of fame,
Topping the crested wave;
My exultant soul sped forth to the goal,
For I craved the plaudits men gave.

At last the world lay at my feet,
And humble obeisance made;
My talent had won and now was begun,
Surcease from the steep up-grade.

The wealth of the world was mine to command,
Its luxury nurtured pride,
Till my mind was crazed at the brilliance blazed,
And neglected talent died.

With staggering blow the truth came home,
The *talent* and not the *man*
Wins permanent place in the worldly race,
It is the old time-honored plan.

* * * * *

My baby girl stood at my side,
Her smiling face up-turned,
In her laughing eyes I returned from the skies
And the fame of men was spurned.

Sigurd, Utah.

IRVIN L. WARNOCK.

ANCIENT INDIAN LITERATURE

BY J. M. SJODAHL

On September 22, this year, it will be ninety-nine years since the plates containing the text of the Book of Mormon were delivered to the Prophet Joseph Smith by the angel Moroni. The date is one of the memorable ones in human history.

At the time when the plates, with the urim and thummim and the breastplate, were entrusted to the temporary custody of Joseph, he was well prepared for the mission to which he had been called. From the first appearance of Moroni, September 21, 1823, till the delivery of the record, September 22, 1827, the angel had instructed him, from time to time, regarding the contents of the book and the doctrines of the gospel. The mind of the youth had been opened to revelations, and he was prepared, as the prophets of old, to give to the world "the word of the Lord," as the divine Spirit unfolded it to him, whether concerning the past, the present, or the future.

The Book of Mormon has during all these years stood the severest and most bitter criticism, and at the same time been an unshakable foundation of faith in God and his Son, our Savior. How is that to be accounted for? There is only one answer to that question: It owes its existence, both in the original and the translation, to that divine inspiration and influence.

The Book of Mormon is the only now known inspired record of the ancient Americans, and as such it has a value and an importance beyond calculation. But it is not the only early American record ever made. In Mexico and Central America, particularly, literature was flourishing. Writings, generally called hieroglyphics, adorn monuments and temples at Chiapas, Palenque, Copan, Chichen-Itza and Quirigua, to mention only a few places. A kind of hieratic writing, known to the initiated only, was, according to Nadaillac, made by the priests, specimens of which have come down to us in the Dresden manuscript, the Troano manuscript, and a few others.

Bishop Landa thought he had discovered an alphabet of thirty-three signs, or letters, but these seem to have proved of no value to students of the monuments and the manuscripts. The hieroglyphs, as far as read, refer to astronomical dates and calculations.

According to a tradition recorded by Bancroft, during the reign of a Toltec king, Ixtlilcuechalmac, toward the end of the seventh century a meeting of the wise men was held under the direction of one Hueman. At this congress all Toltec records were brought together, and after careful study a volume was compiled which they called the *Teoamoxtli*, or "The Book of God." This book is said to have contained a history of the world from the deluge, or even from the creation, together with the rites, laws and social customs of the people.

It ended with prophecies concerning the future. Hueman, we are told, died shortly after the completion of this work, at the age of 300 years. Probably this book was destroyed among other valuable manuscripts which the fanatic Don Juan de Zumarraga consigned to the flames.

These books were made of cotton cloth, or of skins specially prepared, or of a composition of silk and gum, but more generally from the leaves of the aloe plant, called by the natives the *maguey*, from which a kind of paper was made, resembling the Egyptian papyrus. Sometimes they were made up in rolls, as Hebrew parchments, but sometimes folded like a folding screen, with a tablet of wood at each end, and when a manuscript was thus folded and closed, it resembled somewhat a modern bound volume. At the time of the arrival of the Spaniards, there were large quantities of such records in the country. There were numerous scribes, whose skill in drawing hieroglyphs astonished the new-comers.

Picture writing was more generally practiced. It is found in South America, in Central America, and North America. Some drawings are, no doubt, only the inspirations of primitive artists, but others are true writings, intended to convey information, or to record events, as a matter of tradition or history.

Such writings are sometimes symbolical. That is, one picture may stand for a complex idea, one that we express by a sentence, or even several sentences. In such a case the meaning of the picture is unknown except as it is accompanied by the sentence it represents. The Lenapes had such writings, which have been preserved. The figures were engraved or painted on bark or slabs of wood, as the Norse runes. One of these came into the possession of Professor Rafinesque, who published a translation of it in 1836, in Philadelphia. Later it became the property of Dr. Brinton who, in 1885, published a facsimile of the symbols, together with the explanatory Indian text, and a translation of his own. This priceless North American record contains the traditions of the Lenapes and related tribes. It begins with the creation. It mentions the flood, and then the crossing of their forefathers over some large water on the ice, and continues with a history of the wanderings and wars of the people. It records the coming of the Europeans from the east, and closes about the year 1820, with the statement that Kithtilkund and Lapanibi, chiefs of two tribes, had agreed to return to the region beyond the *Masispek* (Mississippi). "Shall we be free and happy there?" the chronicler asks. "We want," he adds, "rest, and peace, and wisdom."

These records, Rafinesque observes, seem to be but abridgments of more copious annals, or the bases of their traditions. "The Niniwas or Chippewas, the Ottowas, the Sakis and Shawanis, all Lenape tribes, have such painted tales and annals, called *Neobagun* by the former."

The Delawares, too, had records. Loskiel says: "The Delawares keep genealogies, with the character of each man, if wise, rich, renowned, or a mighty warrior. They use hieroglyphs on wood, trees

and stones, to give caution, information, communicate events, achievements, keep records. Sometimes the hero has at his feet men, heads, or weapons. They have also paintings on skins of deeds, hunts, feats, etc."

A few extracts from the Lenape records or songs may prove interesting.

I. *The Creation.*

At first there was nothing but seawater on the top of the land.
There was much water, and much fog over the land, and there was also the God-creator.

And this God-creator was the first Being, an eternal Being and invisible, although everywhere.

It was he who caused much water, much land, much cloud, much heaven.

It was he who caused the sun, the moon, the stars.

And all these he caused to move well.

By his action it blew hard, it cleared up, and the deep water ran off.

It looks bright, and islands stood there.

It was then, when again the God-creator made the makers, or spirits.

And also the first beings, and also the angels, and also the souls, all them he made.

And afterwards he made the man-being, ancestor of the men.

He gave him the first mother, mother of the first beings.

And fishes he gave him, turtles he gave him, beasts he gave him, birds he gave him.

II. *Snake Worship*

But there was a bad spirit who caused the bad beings, black snakes, and monsters or large reptiles.

And caused also flies, and caused also gnats.

All the beings were then friends and stood there.

Thou being *Kiwis*, good God *Wunard*, and the good makers, or spirits, were such.

With the jins *Nijini*, the first men, and the first mother, their wives, which were Fairies.

The first food of the jins and Fairies was a fat fruit.

All were willingly pleased, all were easy-thinking, and all were well-happified.

But after awhile a snake priest brings on earth secretly the snake worship of the god of the snakes.

And there came wickedness, crime and unhappiness.

And bad weather was coming, distemper was coming, with death was coming.

All this happened very long ago, at the first land beyond the great ocean.

III. *The Flood*

There was long ago a powerful Snake, when the men had become bad beings.

This strong Snake had become the foe of the jins, and they became troubled, hating each other.

Both were fighting, both were spoiling, both were never peaceful.

And they were fighting, least man with dead-keeper.

And the strong Snake readily resolved to destroy or fight the beings and the men.

The dark Snake he brought, the monster he brought, snake rushing-water he brought.

Much water is rushing, much go to hills, much penetrate, much destroying.

Meantime at *Tula*, at that island, *Nanabush* became the ancestor of beings and men.

Being born creeping, he is ready to move and dwell at *Tula*.

The beings and men, all go forth from the flood, creeping in shallow water, or swimming afloat, asking which is the way to the turtle back.

But there were many monsters in the way, and some men were devoured by them.

But the daughter of a spirit helped them in a boat, saying, Come, come; they were coming and were helped.

Nanabush, Nanabush became the grandfather of all, the grandfather of the beings, the grandfather of the men, and the grandfather of the turtles.

The men were there, they turtle there, they were turtling all together.

He was frightened, he the turtle, he was praying, he the turtle, let it be to make well.

Water running off, it is drying, in the plains and the mountains, at the path of the cave, elsewhere went the powerful action.

IV. *The Crossing of the Water*

After the flood, the manly men (*Lenapes*) with the manly turtle beings dwelt close together at the cave house and dwellings of *Talli*.

It freezes was there, it snows was there, it is cold was there.

To possess mild coldness and much game, they go to the northerly plain; to hunt cattle they go.

To be strong and to be rich, the comers divided into tillers and hunters.

The most strong, the most good, the most holy, the hunters they are.

And the hunters spread themselves, becoming *Northerlings*, *Easterlings*, *Southerlings*, *Westerlings*.

Thus the White country (*Lumonaki*), north of the Turtle country, became the hunting country of the turtling true men.

Meantime, all the Snakes were afraid in their huts, and the Snake priest said to all, let us go.

Easterly they go forth at *Snakeland*, and they went away earnestly grieving.

Thus escaping by going so far, and by trembling the burnt land is torn and is broken from the Snake fortified land.

Being free, having no trouble, the *Northerlings* all go out, separating at the Land of Snow.

The fish resort to the shores of the gaping sea, where tarried the fathers of *White Eagle* and *White Wolf*.

While our fathers were always boating and navigating, they saw in the east that the *Snakeland* was bright and wealthy.

The Head-beaver and the Big-bird were saying to all, let us go to the Snake island.

By going with us, we shall annihilate all the Snaking people.

Having all agreed, the *Northerlings* and *Easterlings* went over the water of the frozen sea, to possess that land.

It was wonderful when they all went over the smooth deep water of the frozen sea, at the gap of the Snake sea in the great ocean.

They were ten thousand in the dark, who all go forth in a single night in the dark, to the Snake island of the eastern land in the dark, by walking all the people.

They were the manly north, the manly east, the manly south; with manly Eagle, manly Beaver, manly Wolf; with manly hunter, manly priest, manly rich; with manly wife, manly daughter, manly dog.

All coming there, they tarry at *Firland*. But the Western men, doubtful of the passage, preferred to remain at the old Turtle land.

NOTES

The translation of these Indian annals was completed in 1833, three years after the Book of Mormon had been published. It took the translator thirteen years, from the time he obtained the manuscript, to accomplish the task. He had to learn the language first.

The story of the creation in this record is remarkably like the account in Genesis. In both, the land is covered with water and vapor. The divine Creator, in Genesis, caused his Spirit to move upon the waters; in the Indian record he causes a wind to blow, and then the land appears.

In both accounts the Creator is the Originator of the heavens and the earth, and all that is in them, including spirits, the first beings, souls and the progenitors of the human race. In both, man is given dominion over the fishes in the sea, the animals of the field, the birds in the air, and all creeping things.

The accounts are so strikingly similar as to force us to conclude that they have come from the same source, and for that reason these annals are a remarkable confirmation of Genesis.

To one familiar with the language of the record the similarity between this narrative and that of Genesis would be more striking. The ancestor of men, for instance, is *Jinwis*, which word, Professor Rafinesque says, is identic with the Hebrew *ish* man the "w" beng the masculine article "h."

In the story of the Snake worship we are told that peace and harmony prevailed in all nature, until a "Snake-priest" secretly introduced the Snake worship of the god of the Snakes. That caused a total change.

These Snakes evidently were, or were supposed to be, "the black Snakes," a class of people which, the record says, were originated by a "bad spirit." The reference is not to the transgression of Adam, but rather to the fall of Cain, of whom we read in the Pearl of Great Price (p. 12 and 13, new edition) that he entered into secret compacts with Satan, to murder and get gain, and that Lamech succeeded him. As Satan is the "dragon" "the old Serpent," so Cain may well be referred to as the Snake priest who introduced Snake worship and its abominable secrets.

Beyond the great ocean. If the story was originally told to the children and descendants of Noah in the Old World, then, "beyond the great ocean" would, of course, mean on the American continents.

The story of the deluge is very much similar to the account in Genesis. A "powerful Snake" predominates on earth—that is, some follower of Cain and Lamech—and, as a consequence, there is strife and war everywhere. Then the "black Snake," Satan, undertakes to destroy the human race and all living creatures by a deluge. The waters rush and accomplish destruction. But Nanabush, the Noah of

Genesis, who was "born creeping"—that is to say humble—was willing to dwell in *Tula*, and there he was saved, and became the second ancestor of the race.

Tula. The word *Tula* is the name of the place from which the Toltecs and other nations in Mexico, according to their traditions, came. But in the Lenape, Professor Rafinesque says, it means "turtle" or "tortoise." It is the same as the Hebrew *Tor*, meaning strong. The *Tula* in the narrative is, therefore, the ark—the "tebah" of Genesis.

The story of the crossing of the water deserves close study. According to the records, "Men" and "Turtles" dwell together near the cave house. They are, undoubtedly, two different tribes. The "Men" may be supposed to refer to some particularly prominent group, and the "Turtles" may have been so called from some special connection with the ark.

The Cave House. Many Indians have traditions of a cave, or several caves, from which their ancestors emerged. May refer to ships in which they came across the deep.

It was cold in that place, and, consequently, the people decided to go to a plain to the north, where the climate was more congenial and the game more plentiful.

On this plain they divided into "tillers and hunters."

The hunters spread out over a wide area and became Northerlings, Easterlings, Southerlings, and Westerlings. And thus the White country (*Lumonaki*), north of the Turtle country, became the hunting ground of the valiant Turtles.

But in this new country there was another race, referred to in the record as "Snakes." These were trembling in their huts because of the invasion, wherefore their priest induced them to evacuate the country. They obeyed regretfully, and emigrated in an easterly direction. At the same time, some catastrophe in Nature devastated the old country by fire, and separated it in some way from the new Snakeland. The Northerlings were now free to roam, and they reached out as far as the Land of Snow.

We are now told of a place by the "gaping sea," where fish (perhaps shell fish) is abundant, and where the progenitors of White Eagle and White Wolf once had lived. Here, while the men were boating and sailing, they discovered Snakeland in the east, and found it to be a bright and wealthy country. Two great chiefs then persuade the people to invade Snakeland and exterminate the Snakes. The Northerlings and Easterlings crossed the water on smooth ice, to the number of 10,000, in one dark night. Having arrived in Snake-land, they settled in a country called Firland.

It is supposed that this refers to the crossing of the Behring strait by Indian ancestors. But that notion must be given up as too fanciful. Ten thousand people could not be marched across 50 miles of frozen sea in one dark night. The Arctic ice is by no means

smooth and even. When the drifting cakes freeze together, they form ridges and obstacles of such a formidable nature that Arctic explorers have sometimes not been able to progress more than half a mile a day, and one authority has said that Commander Peary could not possibly have traveled 57 miles a day, though he had the advantage of broad daylight. Besides, the rocky, barren shores of the American side of the strait would hardly have attracted settlers from a country with plenty of game and an abundance of fish. If the tradition has an historical basis, as it, no doubt, has, that must be sought in some other crossing. Some river or narrow strait might be crossed in boats in one night, as Washington crossed the Delaware. Charles X, of Sweden, it is true, with his army, crossed the Little Belt on the ice, between the mainland and the island of Fyen, in 1658, but that strait is only a mile across at its narrowest point, and yet that is regarded as quite a feat in the grim history of war.

But if this was not a passage over Behring strait, where could it have happened? Possibly it was not a march on the ice at all. The translators may have misunderstood the symbolic pictures, especially if they have been at all influenced by pre-conceived theories, as sometimes will happen. But that is a question that must be left to scholars to clear up. If the ice feature is eliminated, there are many places that might fit the narrative.

The records follow the wanderings and divisions and conflicts of the people. At the Fish River (Nemasipi), which "separated the land," they settled for some time. Professor Rafinesque remarks that, according to Hekewelder, this river is the Mississippi, but the professor thinks it is the Illinois river. But here, he says, began the wars with the *Talegas*, the northern *Toltecas* or *Atlantes*, circa 48 generations before 1600, or near the beginning of our era, which continued for four generations, or over 130 years, till about 150 after Christ. The allies, *Talamatans*, which are the Hurons and Iroquois, then united. They are since called *Delamantans* and *Lamantans*.

Laman. In these names, as in the geographical name *Lumonaki* (the White Country), the name of Laman seems to be perpetuated.

Sidon. That name means Fishing River. It is the name of a famous river in the Book of Mormon. The name Mississippi has the same meaning. The famous river in the Book of Mormon and the famous North American river have, if the meaning is considered, identically the same name.

Two lessons are brought home to us, when we compare the Book of Mormon and other ancient American records.

One is the absolute originality of the Book of Mormon. It is an independent document, with not the slightest trace of plagiarism.

The material on which it is written is neither cotton, nor silk, nor the maguey leaves, nor even stone slabs, but metal plates, the very best material for the purpose of the compilers of the book.

The script used is neither the hieroglyphs of the Mayas, nor the picture writing of other aborigines, but a simplification of "reformed Egyptian," which I suppose to be the "Old Israelitic," with which Lehi must have been familiar, and which actually was a "reformed Egyptian" alphabet, adapted to the needs of practical business men, like the Phoenicians.

The subject and scope of the Book are equally original. It is not, and it does not profess to be, a universal history of the American race, its origin, its development, its degeneration and wanderings and vicissitudes. It is neither a Maya record, nor an Aztec, nor an Inca, nor an Algonkin, but a Nephite record. It is one of the several original American records, with its own field. It tells us in broad outlines something of the history of the Jaredites, or rather a small portion of them; of the colonists of Lehi, with its two main divisions, and of the Mulekites. But it does not give us to understand that these are the only people that ever inhabited or ever settled on the American continents.

Another lesson is the agreement in the main features of the Book of Mormon history and other records. American ancient history is the history of retrogression from a very high cultural level to a lower one, due to disintegration and strife, with notable efforts here and there to regain the lost heights. This fact is written all over the American continents. And the agreement of the Book of Mormon with these facts is one of the strong evidences of the truth of the sacred volume, and this evidence is strengthened by every new discovery in the wonderful domain of American archaeology.

Now, Why Stop?

Now, why stop and let sorrow take control?
 For God is just, his works are manifold;
 Or why condemn? For in this life we are
 More weak than seems the smallest heavenly star.
 Or why feel blue and say the world's gone wrong,
 Because we hear no more its pleasant song?
 Or, say ye not that life is only vain,
 For joy is sure to follow after pain.
 And, after all, the things we really prize,
 Are love and hope for that tranquil paradise.
 Our sorrow at the loss of our dear friend,
 Only makes us sense more joyfully the end.
 We live by faith, and it is freely given,
 And by that power we know God lives in heaven.
 So, with this hope impressed upon each mind,
 Let's turn not back nor even look behind;
 But let our faith forever active be;
 To lead to life in all eternity.

Auburn, Wyoming.

C. H. DAVIS

DOCTOR GRAHAM

BY STELLA RICH

"He is a small man, and like his office, a bit shabby, but his heart is immaculate.

"Of course, I don't say that he doesn't have his faults—an office girl sees both sides—but lack of sympathy isn't one of them.

"Why only yesterday that poor little widow of John Riley's came into the office, 'I can't pay you very much now, Dr. Graham,' she said, 'but I've got the job cleaning the offices in the McGregor's building that you told me about, and, God giving me strength I'll pay you some day,' and she handed him a worn two-dollar bill. When he gave her the receipt, I saw what was written across it. 'Paid in full' was what it said, and I happen to know that bill amounted to three hundred dollars.

"Then that day Old Man Johnson brought his girl Annie—I can see Dr. Graham now, a trifle tired-looking, but smiling that same smile he gives them all. 'You go along home, Johnson,' he said kindly, after his quizzical gray eyes had sized Annie up, 'I've a call to make out your way in about an hour, and I'll bring Annie with me then.'

" 'There's nothin' the matter with me—' began the girl as soon as her father had gone. 'I'm just tired—'

" 'I thought your father brought you here for me to diagnose the case,' smiled the little gray man, brisk fingers on her pulse; then sensing the nearness of her tears he continued, 'You know, Annie, we doctors are sort of Father Confessors as well as medicine men. Now there isn't by any chance something you want to tell?' and I saw his strong soft hand close reassuringly over hers.

" 'Or, perhaps,' he continued after a second, 'you would rather not tell me. Would it be easier if I told you that I already *know*?'

"She gave a frightened little sob and then blurted out the whole miserable story to him—just like he was the mother she'd never had—and he acting like it, too,—talking low and soft-like and stroking her hair, though I couldn't catch all he said.

"I could hear her begging him to help her die, but finally I heard him say in that quiet voice of his, 'Come, Annie, I'll go with you to tell your father.' She screamed then, but he just said kind of quiet-like, 'Annie, you know I believe in you. You're going to do the *right* thing. *You can't fail me!*' She got right up and followed him out to his car.

"It was hours afterward when he came to his office. He hadn't had a bite of dinner, I know, for he had gone right to the hospital from Johnson's, but he greeted his waiting room full of patients with his same old cheery smile. 'Nothing serious, I hope, with any

of you,' and he proceeded to hear their woes. After the last one had gone I made bold to say, 'Doctor, when are you going to think a little bit about yourself?'

" 'When my practice dwindles to the point that I haven't anything of more importance,'" he smiled.

" 'But you're all fagged out and'—I couldn't help it—'you need a new suit.'

" 'Why, Jane,' he said kindly, 'you are all tired out yourself. Take the rest of the afternoon off'."

Paris, Idaho.

True Greatness

The man who shows strength
And true character, too,
Is the one who says, "No,"
When he knows he should do.

The man who shows wisdom,
Who stands firm 'mid the strife,
Is the one who keeps clean,
Body, soul, mind, through life.

The man who shows courage
Is the one who can say:
"True virtue's my motto,
Forever and aye."

Mesa, Arizona.

The man who's worth while
Is the one who will work,
For there's nothing accomplished,
If forever we shirk.

The man who shows pluck
Is the one who can sing,
No matter the troubles
That each day may bring.

For to guard his own future,
Make the world better, too,
Are man's greatest duties,
Be they many or few.

IDA R. ALLDREDGE.

Conviction

Fain would I know the power
That ushers forth the dawn;
I tremble mid the color of
The silent dying day.
The darkness of the night witholds
From me a mystery;
And yet some force commanding calls
Her inky hosts away.
I fear the hand that raised on high
Yon massive towering peaks.
I crave protection as I hear
The heaving, sighing sea.
And as I count the myriad stars
That glitter in the night,
I breathe a prayer to One above
Who framed and fashioned me.

Salt Lake City

OWEN WOODRUFF BUNKER.

THE STORM DEMON

BY RICHARD INSCORE

I

Outside the box-car station of Deely, on the Canyon Branch of the G. & C. Railroad, the elements were thickening; and, from one end of the great canyon to the other, the ominous rumblings of thunder were growling forth their warning of impending storm. A mid-Summer electrical storm in the big niche here was a thing of dread, too.

In addition to being alone here in this stern-visaged gorge, Arthur Ellertson, the operator, was a coward. He was afraid of everything that appeared great which seemed to exist in opposition to his own personality, which, to those afraid, everything great or near-great seems to do.

Arthur was a mental coward only. His physical self had often taken him through deeds of daring in his school days—on the campus and field—but his actions were invariably prompted by his mental self relaxing from their fearing vigil.

Many a time the boy had rebuked himself roundly for this state of mental affairs and many a time he had sternly resolved to crush this contemptible foe, but always in the critical moment when nothing but mental valor would suffice, he failed—on the campus, on the field, in his studies—in everything.

His father, John Ellertson, too, greatly abhorred this fact and had done all in his power to eliminate this condition from his son's nature. Numerous methodical attempts had failed and he had all but despaired of ever inhabiting that physical frame with the much desired, God-inspired quality—mental valor.

This last experiment was made in a desperate effort, both on John Ellertson's and his son's part. That explained the reason for this particular young man being on duty in the lonely box-car office perched upon the precipitous edge of the great canyon.

Arthur had learned telegraphy to a sufficient degree to hold this particular position, there being very little telegraphing to do—it being maintained merely as an "OS" point and a watchman for the big trestle. So John Ellertson, the superintendent, had hit upon the idea of Arthur's going to work here nights, where he would be subjected to the great ghostly silence of the big niche and where he would have an opportunity to take hold of those nerves, so ragged and unreliable.

A railroad man plying his profession along the gorge route required nerve, bravery, and self-reliance. Some day John Ellertson would not be railroading himself, and he very much wanted his son to be in line for the responsibility he would be compelled to cast aside. Which explanation takes us back to the lonely nerve-racked and fear-haunted operator.

The station of Deely employed two operators—one who worked nights only, as bridge watchman and operator, and a pumpman who worked days and attended to the pumping and bridge watching. It was Art's duty to report No. 503 due to pass Deely at 10:54 p. m., and the several extras hauling ore from Apex to the smelters down at Ironton, the division point. Otherwise he had nothing to do but keep company with the great silence, unbroken only by the rush of water far below which reached his ears but faintly.

The box-car station was perched upon the end of the big trestle that spanned the side canyon, which ran at right angles from the main canyon back a few hundred yards, ending abruptly against a great towering wall. The bridge was fifty feet high, above the bed of the rocky gorge, and about

one hundred and fifty feet in length. It was a massive construction, being made solely of steel set upon mighty concrete pillars. On the whole this branch road was built at a tremendous cost, but the great riches it tapped more than paid for the construction. Great mines of rich ore were running at full blast up at Apex, the terminal.

The car-body office of Deely station was jammed closely against the perpendicular cliff at its rear, while the other end bordered as close as possible on the tracks, there being two of the latter, a passing track and the main line, the former joining the latter just before it crossed the trestle. The great, gloomy canyon yawned sullenly and darkly just beyond the tracks. On the whole it was one of the most undesirable places a nervous man could find for an abode, and here Arthur Ellertson alternately paced the narrow confines of the tiny platform and track of the narrow room, or sat and sullenly regarded the clicking resonator beligerently. He hated the noisy thing! Was it not this thing that he was held here to attend to? Was it not that rattling piece of mechanical impudence that made this grave-yard shift in this grave-yard spot necessary?

To add to his discomfort and growing terror, the storm was rumbling louder and louder as the minutes passed. The hour was rapidly nearing darkness, and this added to the coming storm, his loneliness and his mental deficiency filled the boy with unspeakable dread. His face blanched and the haunted look deepened. He shivered in spite of his angry attempt to dispel the fear that was growing upon him.

To those who do not know, the idea of a terrific electrical storm may mean little, but let them be practically shut in with one in a mighty yawning, craggy-toothed, ore-bearing gorge with only the storm for company, and they will appreciate Arthur's situation fully.

II

Not only was Arthur Ellertson afraid of the natural forces in this gloomy place, but some of the men down at the division yard had told him previous to his leaving for Deely that the canyon was a veritable nest of bandits, thieves, cut-throats and wild men. It had been in the spirit of hazing, so dear to the average railroad man, though they appeared highly sincere to their victim. Arthur did not believe this in particular, but often during some of his more gloomy moments he had found himself meditating upon what a stronghold this gorge would be for such.

Now, with the kerosene lamp glowing fitfully from the telegraph table at the front end of the car, and the fast-approaching tempest-battle rumbling and snarling its way up the great canyon, Art prayed for company—someone to talk to—someone to help dispel those shadows that lurked in the other end of the car and outside, racing before that dreaded storm—everywhere!

He derived some comfort and companionship from the rattling resonator—much as he hated it. The instrument was almost constantly busy, being cut in on the main line wire that ran the other way from the Canyon Division point of Ironton. He needed practice in receiving and this was a chance he attempted to make the best of. But with the growl of thunder, the snapping wires and fitful lightning, which was going to increase a million times, approaching swiftly and surely, it was extremely hard to crowd those fears into the discard enough to keep his mind on the business of telegraphing.

Arthur longed for the diversion of having a train pass—even the brief moment it would take to be gone, again, would relieve the dreadful strain somewhat. But it being Sunday, no extras were called out and only No. 503 would pass and that was not due until 10:54 p. m. It was just now growing dark.

There were several hours of this dreadful business ahead of him wherein he could do nothing but wait for the rumbling, roaring, howling storm to break and pass.

He had never experienced a storm in the canyon, so could only vaguely

guess what he was in for. He had often shivered with fear and nervousness down at the lower end when a storm was on, and often noticed that the main fury of the elements settled for a battle up in the big gorge.

An enormous amount of iron ore, close to the surface and in several places actually protruding out of the mountainside in great ledges, seemed to draw the electrical elements and hold them playing fitfully and noisily its hideous game among the crags. Now he was virtually thrust in the midst of it—and alone!

The pumpman-operator had gone up the canyon to Marx to attend the pump there, before the storm appeared, and would more than likely stay there until morning before returning to Deely. The operator at Marx was off duty but Art knew the pumpman would more than likely be in the office. But he was ashamed to call him in spite of his fear. So he dismissed the wild desire to call "MX" and beseech the pumpman to return. He shrugged his shoulders—thoroughly angry with himself for even contemplating calling for assistance—moral assistance—such contemptible cowardice! He was a fine specimen of a railroad man! One whose memory the G. & C. would honor long after he had retired—NOT!

There is nothing that will make a man see himself as others see him like a little self-imposed sarcasm—not sarcasm from others—that angers a man, and in a case like Arthur's only further belittles his morals. But when a man roundly abuses himself, it takes effect. Anyway a man is more or less what he thinks himself and what he tells himself.

But that rumbling storm was approaching—swiftly. It seemed on the verge of loosing its fury at any instant. In spite of his sarcasm to himself, Art was afraid. There was no use saying he was not. He was scared!

He strode outside to the little platform, peering fearfully out over the black void just beyond the track. He searched the canyon walls and crevices with haunted eyes in the lightning-pierced gloom, and in his heart was the fear instilled there by the tongues of those whose ideas of wit were so badly distorted. Bandits, cut-throats, wild men!

Art's better judgment gave this fear the lie, but let anyone be put in a like position with a raging, mountain electric storm upon him, and all he has ever heard that is fearful will come back a thousand-fold to taunt him from the terror-shadows, no matter how preposterous the idea is in a man's saner moments—and his "better judgment" is usually absent. Also it was very doubtful if John Ellertson had exactly the right idea in attempting to cure cowardice by such methods—but then, perhaps John Ellertson did not take the elements into consideration. And—perhaps he was right—Old John had lived his day well.

Arthur walked back into the office and slipped the resonator plug into the jack and cut in on the noisy, main-line wire. He could hear the dispatcher down at Ironton working with some office far down the line in the opposite direction. He was putting out a slow order on account of some bad track which had been endangered by flood waters from the passing storm which was on its way up the canyon now. No. 210 was not to exceed five miles per hour between mile post 310 and bridge 213-7, while all other trains were annulled with the exception of a work-train extra which was to protect against No. 210.

This stuff did not interest Arthur in particular, but he had spent a few minutes listening to an operator repeat the order and the dispatcher's completion of it. It helped to relieve the strain a little.

Then the storm broke.

It crashed upon the canyon walls with a force that threatened to raze them utterly. Arthur felt the car body shake violently, and the wires cracked and spat viciously, sending out a tongue of flame from the switchboard half way across the room. He was terror stricken, his face turned a sickly green while the inside of his mouth felt like dry ashes. His was the abject terror of a coward. An old head would not have paid much attention to the

leaping flame, but Art was not an old head, besides he was afraid, mortally afraid.

Then taking hold of his nerves again, he mumbled some more of the scathing sarcasm, but it had little effect, other than to bring his will to match his ragged nerves. But the power of the human will is marvelous in its resistance to conditions of the less powerful and more flighty system of nerves that holds the body together, and before long Art was sitting calmly enough, with little beads of perspiration oozing from his every pore, as for outward appearance, but his heart beat with the energy of a trip hammer.

This was an ideal night for deviltry, with the very elements playing into the devil's hands—bandits, cut-throats, wild men! The blinding flashes of lightning kept the canyon walls almost constantly illuminated by the fitful glare from the crags where it played. The thunder made a hideous din which ricocheted from peak to peak and from wall to wall in its maddening noise. It was truly a turmoil of mighty forces with their mighty, terrifying voices raging at each other in the steep confines of the mighty canyon. It was a thing to tax the most placid set of nerves in existence—and Art's nerves were anything but placid.

Then rain set in. Great bursts of drenching downpours seemed to attempt the annihilation of the little car body by submersion. So hard did the downpour belabor the shanty that Arthur could feel the spray from the drops as they beat their way through the none too tight roof. The wires were spitting viciously with each flash of lightning and the vivid flames that jumped from the switchboard kept the interior of the office lighted much better than the kerosene lamp had been doing, though infinitely more terrifying.

III

Still the great fear of the dark canyon and seen and unseen dangers persisted in mocking the operator. In the flares of lightning that were playing so devilishly among the peaks, Art imagined all sorts of hideous shapes and terrible figures. His tortured nerves were simply nearing the breaking point and he had to get a mighty command to his will to keep from going utterly to pieces.

Down under a black crag whereon the jagged flashes were most vivid, he imagined he saw a great shrouded figure crouching under the shelter of the cliff to escape the fury of the storm. Then at the top of the cliff, he could see a great, ghostly form playing with the lightning in its hideous game. It was chasing the flashes among the crags, to be chased itself, in turn, back into space to hang over the canyon. His terrified imagination pictured the inferno as a final torturing place for lost souls, as he had often heard fanatic exhorters prate about.

This would not do. His nerves were getting control of his will. This would NEVER do! Curse those nerves! He—

His attention was jerked back to the wires and he was thankful for the interruption. It was the dispatcher calling his office:

"DE-DE-DE-DS-DE-DE-DE-DS—"

Arthur mechanically opened the key and tapped his answer:

"I—DE." But the dispatcher continued to call when he had again closed the key. He tried again to answer with the same success. He was out of adjustment. He attempted to "pull up" on his relay, but when he had tightened the spring, he only weakened the dispatcher's calling and could not "break" him yet.

Arthur's apprehensions were none relieved when he realized the difficulty was in the dispatcher's office, or something was wrong with the wire between Deely and there. In either case he was helpless. Unless the dispatcher adjusted his instruments or the wire was cleared wherever the trouble was, he would be practically isolated until the storm was over.

Art heard the dispatcher asking Ahern, the operator at Apex, if No. 503 was out, and the operator answered in the affirmative:

"OS-OS-No. 503 eng. 2101, engr. O'Rourke, out 8:01 p. m. with Supt's. car and 10 loads—X."

"O. K., unless I can get that ham at DE to ans., they're in for a dangerous ride."

"Yes, looks like a bad storm down that way—bet DE scared to death," laughed Ahern, the old timer.

"O. K., try him on No. 10, pls.," said the dispatcher.

"DE-DE-DE-X-DE—X," called Ahern. Art had cut in on wire number ten when the dispatcher had told Apex to advise him to. Now he broke in and, leaning close to the reasonator to hear it above the raging storm, answered Apex:

"I-I-I-DE."

"GA, ans. DS," said Ahern shortly. (Go ahead, answer dispatcher.)

"Tell hm adj—can't bk hm," (Tell him can't adjust—can't break him) answered Art, for the moment forgetting the roaring elements and his terror.

"O. K.," answered Ahern understandingly, cutting back to the train wire, "to DS—GA adj he's tr." (Go ahead adjust he is there.)

This brought results and in a few seconds the dispatcher was putting out an order at Deely to No. 503 to proceed very slowly from Deely to Ironton on account of soft track and high water. After numerous interruptions, Art began repeating the order. The dispatcher had grown tired of repeating words for the "ham" and slipped in a few very cutting remarks about hams in general. This served to unnerve Art further and his repeating was almost as bad as his receiving. He could imagine old Ahern up there at Apex laughing his contempt for the same thing the dispatcher was cursing at. A superintendent's son was in for no courtesy as long as he was a "ham" and out on the road. He was just an ordinary "ham" and that was all.

Then something happened.

When things happen in a terrific electrical storm among the crags and peaks of an ore-laden canyon wall, it happens suddenly and on a gigantic scale.

Arthur was in the middle of a word in repeating the slow order when a report louder and more terrifying than any he had yet heard crashed upon his ears, nearly deafening him. The frightful noise was quickly followed by another roaring, more terrible in its import than the thunder. It was a grinding, seething, crashing mass of the very canyon wall tumbling in the gorge. Paralyzed with fright, Art only sat still and waited. Then the car-body was tossed and wrenched, falling into a shapeless mass about his ears. Art was thrown to the floor and lapsed into unconsciousness.

A mighty cloudburst had plunged into the side canyon, over which the bridge spanned, carrying destruction before it. The Storm Demon's bared teeth had struck.

How long he lay prone, Arthur had no way of knowing just then. The kerosene lamp had been extinguished—luckily without conflagration—and the wires were nowhere to be heard.

What had happened? He felt so tired and drowsy—he must rest again—but—, he clambered to his feet quickly, dizzily. No. 503 was coming and his father's car was hooked on the rear end. He had heard Ahern say that. He must stop them, it was the dispatcher's order—the track was dangerous below here. But—what had wrecked his office? He must find out.

Gone was the fear and gone was the ragged set of nerves. He was cool and collected now and figured each step slowly. He must get a lantern and go out and flag No. 503. Then he remembered the wrecking of the office and decided something must be wrong close. Oh yes, the thunder clap—the other roaring—.

The storm was still raging madly, but Art paid no attention to it

now. There was something bigger to attend to—something he did not yet know what it was. In the few minutes that had just passed and the few that ensued, Arthur Ellertson grew up—grew into a real man, grimly defiant, fearless and strong!

With the weak and fitful light of the lantern playing around close to him, he surveyed the havoc that greeted his eyes.

Due to the position of the car-body office, perched upon the end of the trestle which spanned the deep side canyon, the catastrophe which followed the terrific thunder-clap had evidently been the cause of wrecking the station. A piece of the falling roof had been responsible for his unconsciousness and the ache he now had in his head. He cautiously walked farther in the direction of the trestle and stopped, his blood running cold with horror—not fear, he was not afraid now—the fitful flashes of the erstwhile dreaded lightning now aided him in determining the extent of the damage wrought. His lantern was practically useless insofar as it illuminated any distance. But the unabated, jagged-tongued lightning showed the boy that the entire span of trestle was broken in two and at the bottom of the gorge raged a roaring torrent! He could see the twisted and broken girders still spanning the canyon, but all the ties and track had been torn away, falling into the bottom of the gorge, which was now a seething, swirling maelstrom of debris-filled water.

This was not the worst of it, either. No. 503 was soon due, he found his watch, which luckily had been in his pocket instead of on the table where he usually kept it. It was now ten thirty-seven and No. 503 was due at ten fifty-four. He had lain in the stupor following the catastrophe longer than he had thought. He remembered 503 leaving Apex on time and that there was no other station open between here and there. This was a perfectly natural cause for panic to a ragged-nerved man, but Arthur Ellertson was no such man—now.

He set to work to figure out something plausible to do. He could signal his head off from this distance, but it would have no effect upon the 503, as it turned a sharp curve just before it took the trestle, and after it left the curve it would be too late to signal. Something else had to be done. The wires were gone, of course. They went when the office did. They would do no good, anyway, there were no offices open above here. The 503 would be past the last office now at that. No, he had to stop them himself—and he had to stop them before they reached that broken trestle. And the raging, roaring hell of water was between him and No. 503!

He walked to the twisted and shapeless mass of bent iron and steel that used to be the trestle and calmly planned a way of crossing. The main bulk of the trestle was now below the raging flood where it had been thrown with the terrific impact of the cloudburst.

It is strange, yet true, how insignificant great things look to the man who *must* do them. How mighty he feels himself over the object of his opposition when he really makes up his mind he is going to, and must accomplish a certain end. Such a feeling was in Arthur Ellertson's breast. He was the mighty *I will* and the mighty *I must*. The shapeless death-pit below him was merely an inanimate, helpless, insignificant barrier to what he was now going to do! It would be conquered—it *must* be conquered!

Still the storm raged. It howled forth its defiance to the mighty cliffs and crags which stood sullen and silently mighty against its mad attacks. It was a howling, screeching, seething turmoil of Nature's mightiest forces doing deadly battle. The elements had won their first blood with the tearing away of a portion of one of those lightning-drawing cliffs far above the trestle. The lightning had attacked with its destroying ally, the cloudburst, close upon its heels. The result was a mighty cliff shaken loose and the great downpour kept it seething on its destructive way into the main canyon, there to tear its ominous way toward the open country below. The Storm Demon had left his tooth mark upon the age-old canyon wall.

IV

Lashing the nearly useless lantern to his back, Arthur carefully felt his way out on one of those twisted girders and decided it would support his weight. Anyway he was going to try it—it meant life or a horrible death to those coming behind the unsuspecting engine of No. 503.

Of course, the trip across that raging torrent would be perilous in the extreme, but he was only one man where that train was carrying several, among them his father's private car, and who besides his father was on that car he did not know. It had gone up while he was off duty and slept.

After satisfying himself that the lantern would hold and that he had matches to light it with when he crossed the gorge, Art climbed over the edge of the last hanging tie and clutched the slim iron girder that spanned the gap. Below him the raging torrent roared in its fury and above him the elements roared in theirs, while the terrific battle continued among the crags. It was truly the devil's own night—a night of fearful things; of ghostly shadows in the fitful lightning glare and a night for death and pillage. But Arthur Ellertson saw or realized none of these things, now. He was on a mission that demanded quick, steady action, and he must not falter—at the price of those lives approaching on No. 503. Setting his jaws grimly and glaring defiantly down into the torrent, he swung out over the flood and began wending his torturous way toward the opposite side.

* * * * *

Aboard the private car of Superintendent John Ellertson, hooked on behind the rock train. No. 503, a white-faced man paced the narrow confines of the luxurious car. His lips were set grimly and his eyes were haunted by a tugging dread. He was alone. John Ellertson had been a fool! He realized it now—fully. He could feel in his own heart the terror his son must now be in and the cruelty he had imposed upon him when he had sent him to Deely. He knew, and was sorry, that the boy was afraid—for that matter the kid was a coward, but he was his son for all that, and it was a hideous trick to send him to that lonely, God-forsaken place, even with the hope of curing that set of nerves—or plain cowardice, if you wish.

This was a night of unnamed terrors lurking in every shadowy crag and cliff and the roaring din of the terrific storm was truly a manifestation of dreadful things. Even in John Ellertson's long career of railroading along the gorge, he had never witnessed anything so terrific, so furious as this storm had been, and even he shuddered.

Now he was hurrying down the crooked track toward Deely to relieve the boy of the dreadful ordeal. He had been too cruel, even in the case of the kid's abject cowardice.

But John Ellertson did not know the circumstances of his son's personal doings just then, if he had known, he might have felt vastly different. Neither did he guess the frightful danger he was unwittingly running into.

* * * * *

Below the swinging form of the boy, the flood waters still raged and their close proximity he felt, rather than saw, or heard. It was practically impossible to distinguish any sound in particular, so great was the din of the elements. But he knew those raging waters, debris-filled, were licking perilously close to his dangling feet. It only added to the strength of his jaws as they clamped against each other in their iron determination. Again and again his eyes matched the lightning, flashing defiantly into the black darkness about him, when the flashes were stilled for the space of seconds only. It was Arthur Ellertson, the *man*, fighting grimly and terribly the opposing elements. It was Arthur Ellertson, the *man*, who was going across that hell-flood to rescue lives in dire peril, and it was Arthur Ellertson, the *man*, who had conquered his worst opponent already—his fear and his nerves. How insignificant, stupid, childish they seemed just then!

In a blinding flash of lightning, Art saw the other side of the shaking span drawing nearer. He was nearly across. His hands hurt terribly. The

girder, in places jagged and rending, had torn his fingers and blood was trickling down his wrists into his face as he looked up, but he clinched his teeth tighter and wormed his way on. In his heart was a savage joy, that put to shame his tortured, pain-racked, physical self.

Within four feet of the hanging tie which marked the landing Arthur paused an instant to rest. Above the constant roar of the thunder, he thought, with his blood running cold, that he heard, indistinctly, the screech of 503's whistle. Summoning all his waning strength, he clambered as fast as possible toward the hanging tie. He was not to know that deadly peril hung there with the tie.

With a grateful heave, Arthur reached out for the tie and swung his weight to it, releasing the girder. The timber had been hanging by a couple of spikes only and the sudden weight of the boy broke these. Tie and boy fell headlong toward the seething cauldron at the bottom of the gorge.

* * * * *

Still John Ellertson paced the floor of the car. Still the beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, cold and clammy, seemingly the hand of an evil ghost was clutching at his heart. He had been, cruel, cruel. Perhaps even now the boy might be lying dead at the bottom of the gorge, where his panic carried him in an attempt to escape his terror. Such things could happen and often did in extreme cases—such as Arthur's.

They were nearing Deely now, however, for this he was much relieved. He would soon be with the kid, anyway. He could hear O'Rourke whistling for the curves that wound around in and out among the cliffs before crossing the trestle into Deely's box-car station.

Overhead, the storm had abated slightly, insofar as the terrible din went, but the lightning still played over the dripping cliffs and crags. The downpour of rain had also slackened a little. It seemed that, knowing what they did, the elements were pausing to watch the ghastly performance so closely impending below. But John Ellertson was not to know the object of their interest just yet. Neither was O'Rourke at the throttle of the 503 able to predict what rounding that final curve that led out on the trestle would mean.

* * * * *

Luckily, Arthur's fall had only been for a few feet, due to the fact that the hanging tie was close to the cliff where the bridge took the gorge. The falling timber had struck him a terrific blow on the head, but aside from a splitting headache and a splintery gash left there, which filled his eyes with blood, he was unhurt. He could still move and—yes, he could stand on his feet and walk.

He pawed his way again up toward that girder that swung but a few feet above him. The slackening of the lightning made seeing his way impossible only during the less frequent flashes. But No. 503 was coming and he *must* hurry. He was directly in the path where the engine would plunge upon him, but he never thought of that. He must save that train—the men—his father! Again he set his jaws in an iron grip and his noble will responded faithfully. How he gloried in the power of that will! How infinitely great, masterful, infallible he felt! It takes the storms of life to show up one's self sometimes.

His clutching hands closed over the protruding edge of the girder once more and he heaved with all his strength, upward. The pull brought him safely above the remaining part of the track and bridge to the ground. How grateful he felt for the sensation of having solid ground underneath his feet once more! He reeled from fatigue and torture, but his mind continued to function properly and he could hear the wheels of 503 grinding around the sharp curve!

Then the boy did something that would tax the greatest will on earth to do. He calmly felt, in his pocket for a match, found one, unslung the lantern slowly and surely without wasting a single movement, raised the

top, inserted the lighted match quickly to keep the rain from extinguishing it, held it to the wick and when it was lighted, replaced the top of the lantern calmly. All this had really taken but a couple of seconds, but his movements had been true and sure. The old saying of "Haste makes Waste" was whispering itself into his brain and his wonderful will had acted accordingly.

When the lantern was lighted and the 503 coming closer, Arthur broke into a run toward the oncoming train. Hardly had he reached the mouth of the curving cut when the engine loomed up big and terrible before him. He swung the lantern frantically, yelling at the top of his voice. But it seemed that the storm again took up where it left off and the din drowned his voice utterly. His words were simply unavailing.

O'Rourke was on the job, however, and had seen the light signal of danger. He jammed the air on, bringing the heavy rock train to a full stop within fifty feet of the broken bridge. Arthur realized his lantern was out and that the train was safe—and his father was safe. The sudden reaction was too much and without a sound he crumpled up on the wet mud of the cut and lay still.

Faintly, seemingly from a far distance, came the sound of voices, and faintly came the decreasing din of the storm, which had played itself out with such success at destruction in the canyon. But it was the voices that kept intruding upon Art's returning consciousness. Where were they? Who were they? And what did they mean by so much excitement?

"As Oi was a tellin' ye, Misther Ellertson, Oi see a light a flyin' acrost the track an' took th' hunch an' pulled th' air—an' a mighty good thing Oi did—but where th' man wint that signalled me, Oi dunno—seems t' bin swallered up." It was O'Rourke, the engineer, speaking excitedly, gratefully. Arthur smiled painfully to himself. Then another voice broke in anxiously:

"It must have been the pumpman. He was at Marx before dark, and probably was returning when he found the broken trestle—but where is he?"

They had paused in front of the engine and Arthur could see them in the glare of the headlight, trying to decide what move to take. He turned his wavering steps toward them.

With exclamations of varying degrees of surprise, the men recognized their savior. The big engineer was profuse in his greeting. Great tears of gratitude and homage were falling unashamed. But the look of surprise, joy and worshipfulness in John Ellertson's eyes more than made up for the torture of that hideous climb and the terrors of the canyon storm. Full realization came to his eyes as he measured his son from head to foot—from blood-streaming head to his torn and bleeding hands and his muddy and torn clothes. He saw his son—A MAN!

"Great God of all that is powerful and sacred—I—I—thank—thee!" he prayed fervently, joyfully. Arthur smiled softly, himself joyful, over the three bowed heads.

Nephi, Utah.

Today

Live today, do not wait for tomorrow.
 Lift up thine eyes to the eternal stars.
 And with joy follow them in their travels
 From the East to the West. Sing with the birds;
 Laugh through life with the rivers; dance with
 The sunlight, and, as nature must weep,
 Weep with the rain, but smile with the rainbow.
 Live today, and seek for treasures around
 You, and you will find Acres of Diamonds.
 Leave the future to God and you will find
 Your tomorrows have changed to yesterdays.

College Hill, Logan, Utah.

ELLEN HOGENSON.

"THOU SHALT NOT WASH DISHES"

BY MARY H. WOOLSEY

The last lingering colors of the sunset faded into gray dusk, and the west-bound train thundered on its way between two grotesque, shapeless, unreal stretches of fleeting landscape.

Theodora Stanton—Mrs. Evert Stanton for three long, blissfully happy days—leaned back in her seat in the Pullman and closed tired eyes. Her slim, white hands lay clasped in her lap; over them, presently, a big, hardened, bronzed one crept and closed tenderly.

"Tired, Theo darling?"

Smilingly, the girl met her husband's solicitous gaze and shook her head.

"No, not tired, dear, but a little weary from trying to comprehend all the new, strange, wonderful things I've been looking at."

"And I seem to be seeing differently; I've grown up among scenes like this, and never before have I wanted to shout 'beautiful!' " Evert said.

She moved a little closer to him, and for a moment they sat silent in awed delight and tender wonder, which they felt whenever trying to realize that they really and truly belonged to each other.

"From the ends of the earth"—Evert had said once, "we came together!"

And indeed, so it almost seemed. Evert Stanton, ranchman, born and reared in the wide open spaces of the West; his bride, daughter of an aristocratic New England family, accustomed to elm-shaded avenues—and a life of sheltered ease.

As twilight deepened, they fell quite naturally to talking over the events leading to their meeting, when they had looked into each other's eyes with a thrill of recognition, as if each one realized that all of life until now had been only a vague search for the other. A search planned and watched over by a friendly, teasing, maneuvering fate.

One year before, Theo Walcott's brother, David, had taken a sudden notion to discover and explore the golden West from behind the steering-wheel of a new Eagle roadster, which he insisted was entirely worthy of its name. The discovery was effected, the exploration was well under way. Then rose a Summer thunder-storm which developed into a cloudburst; roads were torn out, bridges undermined—and one of these brought about the wrecking of the proud Eagle and its driver, within a mile or so of the Stanton ranch house. In consequence, Evert became the inevitable host to a badly injured tourist, and a fast friendship sprang up between the two. David refused to inform his family of his mishaps, telling them only that he was stopping awhile at a wonderful ranch; and when he started for home, insisted

that Evert accompany him. Evert came East—and found Theo; went home to prepare a place for her, and returned to claim her as his bride. And now they were speeding westward to their new life together.

"One more day of this, and fifty miles by auto, and we'll be at home, little wife!" murmured Evert contentedly.

"Home!" echoed Theo, repeating the simple word that can hold in its four letters all the beauty, the charm, the wonder of the world. "Tell me about it again, Evert dearest—the ranch, and—and our little house—and everything!"

"So, bending his fine, dark head nearer to her golden one, that she might more easily hear, he began talking in low tones, telling of sage-clad hills and valleys that were rapidly being transformed into fertile fields of green; of winding creeks fringed with swaying willows and rampant wild roses and other smaller wild-flower treasures that hid in the low, cool shade.

"Little wild cousins they are, Theo, of the flowers that grew in your beautiful garden at home. And of the ones that will soon be nodding right at our door, too."

"Of course," she agreed, "it will be such fun to start a brand-new garden, won't it? But in the meantime, we'll take long walks and gather the wild flowers."

"So we will. And when I ride after the cattle, sometimes, you shall go with me."

"How fortunate that I like to ride!"

He went on with his descriptions, presently mentioning the gray coyotes that howled in the nights.

She shuddered in mock terror, then giggled. "I shall use some of them as targets, to keep up my rifle practice. Evert, I've always loved the outdoors so! And now, I just know that I've always been getting ready to come out into this wonderful West with you!"

Again they smiled fondly at each other, considering the miracle which had befallen them. Then: "And now tell me again about the little house—our house!"

Evert's face glowed with pardonable pride as he complied. The little house! Over it he had dreamed and planned as he toiled; into it had gone many an "extra" that to his neighbors seemed pure extravagance, yet which he considered absolutely necessary to a girl like Theo; conveniences which few of the ranch homes boasted; running water, piped from a nearby hillside spring; a bathroom with fixtures of snowy white and polished nickel; low, wide windows, floors of hardwood, French doors to add their bit of beauty. Oh, the little house was a gem—a gem set down on the edge of the desert, calculated to be fairly worthy of the Paradise that would grow up around it.

Built near the creek, its windows looked out upon the graceful willows and the wild roses which would be at their best these June days—befitting the coming of a bride. Over it, guarding and shading it from the heat of the sun, stood three giant locust trees, most fortunate

result of some unknown planter's toil—perhaps birds had dropped the seeds there, long ago—no one knew.

"But it was in preparation for our coming!" Theo exulted. "Even before we ever dreamed of each other, Evert dearest, Fate was planning these beautiful things for us! And I shall keep the little house shining and clean, and cook nice little dinners for two; and I shall—" she laughed softly, "I shall wash dishes and maybe feed the swine, yet still sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam."

Evert's smile suddenly gave way to an expression of curiosity.

"What was it about that old rhyme, Theo? I never did understand just why you were called 'Curly-locks' so often—except that it had something to do with that—what's-his-name, now?"

"Milton Redford?"

"Yes, Redford. Who is he, anyway?"

"Oh, just a friend, a childhood sweetheart, you might say," Theo answered, smiling.

"Were you ever engaged to him?"

"Why, no; not really. Of course, it was the hope of Mother and Mrs. Redford that some day Milton and I might. But we ourselves never even talked of it. * * * The old rhyme about the dishes—he used to say it to me when we were small, and the families got to calling me 'Curly-locks'—and that's all there is to it."

"I think," Evert mused whimsically, "at that, I'm a little bit jealous of him, for having known you longer than I have! Oh, Theo, darling! I do hope you'll be happy, out here with me! I wonder, sometimes—about the—well, the washing dishes, and all the rest of it that you've never had to do—"

"And don't know anything about? Oh, Evert, dearest! you remind me of Cousin Gerty—please don't doubt that I can soon learn! Why, house-keeping is easy! It must be, because—well, look at all the thousands and thousands of women and girls who do it! If they can, I can. That's what I told Gerty, and you'll soon see!"

"Of course, you can learn! You could learn—anything, I do believe, Theo! All I hope is that you won't dislike it."

"I shall love it!" Theo insisted. "Why, it's really interesting, especially the cooking. I've watched our Maggie lots of times lately. If there'd been time, I'd have learned from her some things to start out—but there's been such a rush of parties and everything, and the dressmakers took so much of my time, and I've worked on my trousseau a lot. Really, the other things just had to wait. But don't you worry, I'll learn to do by doing, didn't someone say that's the best way after all? I can hardly wait to make a huge success and write to tell Cousin Gerty all about it. She was so concerned, Evert! I have to laugh! Let's see—what shall I cook for our first dinner?"

Like a pair of children taking up a new game, they fell to planning. Roseate dreams enveloped them, enraptured them. The old rhyme, with its promise of ease, was forgotten.

* * * * *

The year was at November, the hour was dusk. Gray sky hung over graying landscape, gray shadows deepened with the passing of the moments. A dreary wind moaned among the willows and tossed the gaunt branches of the locust trees above the low-gabled cottage to which Evert Stanton was returning after his day of toil on the ranch.

Evert's steps were both eager and laggard—eager, because he was always eager to get back to Theo; yet laggard because he dreaded to find her, as so often he did, pathetically weary, discouraged, worn out—the victim of her own incompetence. For the "easy" housework which she had so blithely anticipated a few months earlier, had proved anything but what she had expected.

It had been easy to laugh, at first, at the ludicrous results of her hopeful labors; but as the weeks passed, and she continued to learn how so many details had a way of escaping her inexperienced eye until a most inconvenient or embarrassing time, how so many errors could creep into the work and upset her plans completely. As the unaccustomed duties and responsibilities took their inevitable toll of her vigor and enthusiasm, Theo grew tired and dispirited, having no time nor energy for the tramps and rides which she and Evert had planned so light-heartedly:

Then for awhile they had employed a woman to help Theo; but she had had a sharp and willing tongue, and presently there were spread abroad most unkind tales of Evert's "baby-doll" wife, who knew not how to cook, nor clean, who must have captivated him by her very helplessness. The stories reached Theo's own ears, and she felt that her heart would break with the shame of failure; there seemed nothing to do except to dismiss the hired woman and set out in another heroic effort to carry her burden alone.

Evert watched over her and worried, blaming himself for her drooping shoulders, her bruised and roughened hands which had formerly been so lovely, her eyes that seemed so tired and heavy-lidded—he knew that close behind those eyelids were tears, and the knowledge hurt him so cruelly. He had been selfish in his love; why had he not foreseen that Theo, delicately nurtured as she had been, could not stand so rigorous a life as his? Self-condemnation made him miserable, and so did his fear that Theo would detect his unhappiness and misinterpret it.

And Theo's brave attempts at gaiety and optimism did not help. Theo and Evert, each trying to keep a light heart, sensed the effort behind the other's laughter and joking, and the knowledge produced an intangible barrier between them, of which each was aware though neither dared quite to admit it even secretly. * * * The traditional "honeymoon" not yet past—and such was the state of affairs within the little cottage which was to have been a corner of Paradise!

Supper that November evening was a dreary repetition of other dreary ones. Theo had that day suffered a painful burn while taking

a pan of bread from the oven; the bread had turned out poorly, she had had ironing to do, and her feet and back ached from standing so long; her golden hair was in disarray, her face flushed and unpowdered, her dress had somehow acquired a greasy, black smudge—of all this she was acutely aware, yet too tired to care until she realized that Evert was sympathizing with her because of her troubles. She had his *sympathy*—when what she wanted was his *pride*, his pride in her accomplishments, her efficiency, as she had dreamed of them!

Both were glad when the meal was over. Evert helped with the dishwashing, then lighted a fire in the grate in the living-room while Theo wearily finished the tidying of the kitchen.

At last they were both settled beside the cheerful fire, and the mail which Evert had brought claimed their attention. Presently Theo uttered an eager cry—"Oh, Evert!"

His quick glance noted a sudden brightness in her eyes, an impulsive smile on her lips.

"Evert, Mercedes Tolman is going to be married the first of December, and she want's to know if I can come back to be her matron of honor. Do you suppose—?"

Evert remembered Mercedes, Theo's girlhood chum and maid of honor at her wedding.

"We always planned it so," Theo went on more wistfully, "that we would each be attendant to the other. But, of course, we never dreamed of ever being so far separated."

Evert's thoughts ran ahead swiftly. He knew that Theo could not be blamed if she longed, now and then, for a bit of the gayety and brilliance to which she had been accustomed before her marriage. Then, too, these five months had been her very first long absence from her parents, who were extremely fond of her. A visit home, a few weeks of parties, dances, and she would come back rested and refreshed. The long winter would be partly gone. * * *

"It's a long trip, dear—but if you care to take it, do. I wish I could go along; that's impossible just now. I shouldn't wonder if you really need a change." But his tender solicitude went unnoticed, for Theo's thoughts were far away, winged Eastward in glad anticipation.

"I'll have to leave soon—but that will be easy, because I can shop for the things I need after I'm home. * * *. I really am a little bit homesick for Mother and Father—don't blame me too much, Evert, dearest," her voice trembled slightly though she smiled bravely at him.

"Why, of course you'd be homesick, little girl! Nothing more natural, and the visit is just what you need. * * *. Let's see—I can take you to the Junction on Saturday; how's that?"

"Fine. * * *. But Evert, dear, I—I—don't know whether I really want to go! If you could come, too!" suddenly she was crying, and he was holding her in his arms, petting and soothing her as one might pet and soothe a tired child. Of course, she should

go, and she could do a lot of Christmas shopping, while she was away, and they'd have a wonderful Christmas together. But all the while, his heart was as lead within him.

Saturday was the grayest of gray days—to Evert's grim satisfaction, for sunshine would have seemed to him a mockery on that occasion. Theo, apparently, was oblivious to the weather. Evert helped her onto the train, kissed her goodbye, and stood dejectedly on the platform until the train was far out of sight beyond a somber hill, and only a plume of black smoke, rising to mingle with the darkening clouds, indicated the widening distance between him and his light-of-all-the-world. And presently a mist obscured that also; and Evert started homeward through the first thinly falling snowflakes of the storm which had threatened.

A week later, the valley lay gleaming beneath a five-foot burden of snow, helpless in the grip of what was to prove the most severe winter ever known in that locality. Storms were frequent, icy winds seemed almost incessant; the roads were cleared only to be blocked again by huge drifts, and necessary journeys were made laboriously by horseback or sometimes even by foot, on snowshoes. Evert, reading Theo's first belated letters, was thankful that she was escaping the dreary monotony of this winter imprisonment, even though her absence made him feel it far more keenly himself.

Theo wrote glowingly of the whirl of activities into which she had flung herself soon after arriving at her parent's home. She sent photographs of herself in her lovely new clothes. She wished that Evert were with her—but he could not help sensing the fact that she was enjoying herself to the utmost, and that did not make him happier. He could not help feeling that in marrying Theo, he had asked her to renounce a life that was all ease and loveliness and share with him one that was mostly toil and sacrifice. He had expected too much; what could he do about it?

The Christmas plans, of course, had to be given up; Evert wrote Theo that she would better remain in the East until Spring. He had closed up the little cottage—it lay silent and still, half buried in shifting snowbanks—and he was staying at the ranch house. He considered going himself to Theo, but decided that he was too urgently needed where he was. So the weeks dragged on, empty and lonely and blue.

After Christmas, Theo's letters grew more brief, and somewhat less frequent. Only occasionally did she write in detail of her "good times;" instead, there was likely to be a group of newspaper clippings regarding various social functions, and the letter itself would impress him as being sketchy and evasive. His misery grew.

Once there was mention of a cotillion which she had attended, having "drawn" Milton Redford as her partner. It had seemed "like old times," she wrote. "Evert, our little house, and the housework that I bungled so hopelessly, seems all a dream."

After reading that, Evert threw himself face downward on his

bed and gave himself over to the gloomiest of gloomy musings. Over and over, through his brain ran an old nursery-rhyme that seemed to mock and taunt him:

"Curly-locks, wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes nor yet feed the swine,
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam—"

"Sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam"—the only toil, probably, that would have been Theo's if she had married—Milton Redford. Then she would have gone on with the life for which she had been prepared.

Evert tried to face the issue squarely. Theo had not, recently, renewed the subject of her return to him. Could it be that she did not *want* to come back? That perhaps she dreaded returning? And if that should be the case—wouldn't it be the kindly part to release her? Divorce—ugly as it must be—would be soon over with—and Theo would escape so much unloveliness! He, loving her forever, could find solace in knowing that she was happy, that she was not wearing her youth, her beauty, away in hard, physical toil.

Day after endless day, Evert wrestled with his problem. And at last he decided to write Theo that if she so desired, he would restore to her all that he could of "freedom."

Of course, he did not put it so plainly, so crudely, as just that. He toiled for hours over the letter, in his efforts to be kind and considerate; to make her feel that it was not her failures as a rancher's wife, but his realization that ranch life was too hard for her, that led him to suggest their separation. At last it was done, to the best of his ability—but he did not know that every stilted, unnatural line in it was crying out his pain at the thought of losing her, his heart-ache that he was trying to ignore.

The letter went on its way.

Everet counted the days until he could expect Theo's answer. Twelve days, at least. Allowing her a few days to consider and decide—two weeks, perhaps sixteen or eighteen days. How large the dreary, wintry world was!

Winter—cruel, cold, cheerless. In his heart it would be always Winter, without Theo near him. And he convinced himself that she would not return to him; the conviction held him, it seemed, in bonds of ice—as Winter held the creek in its glistening prison.

Then suddenly the weather changed. April was at hand. The sun shone warmly. In a few short days the whole landscape changed; never had Spring come so swiftly—but Evert Stanton seemed unconscious of the change, going about his work mechanically, speaking only when necessary, seeing nothing of the budding beauties around him.

Then one day as he rode moodily through the stretch of woodland between the ranch house and the cottage of dreams, one of his employees hailed him and thrust toward him a yellow envelope. It seemed an eternity before his shaking hand drew forth the paper it held.

—another one before the letter ceased to dance crazily in front of his eyes. Then at last—the message:

“Meet me at Junction, Wednesday the nineteenth. Theo.”

Evert read it, unbelievably, over and over. It seemed as if his eyes must be deceiving him; but no—the words stood out more and more clearly. No—he had received Theo’s answer—and she was coming back!

Suddenly Evert lifted up his eyes, and saw that golden sunshine was streaming through the branches of the trees above his head; that patches of sapphire sky showed between leaves amazingly large and green, and that a couple of bright-eyed robins were swinging impudently near by. A laugh, which was half a sob of joy, broke from him and he snatched off his hat, raising both his arms as he drew in a deep, deep breath of sweet, soft air.

“Sing, darn you! Sing!” he said to the robins. “Don’t you know it’s Springtime?”

Then he gathered up the bridle-reins which had fallen unheeded across his horse’s neck, and set off at a gallop for the little house beneath the locust trees.

The cottage of dreams!

Doors and windows he threw open wide; found dustcloth and broom and mop; shook rugs, hung blankets and linens to air and sun—oh, Theo was coming, and the little house must be rid of its atmosphere of emptiness and disuse! Theo was coming—tomorrow!

He worked with joyously frantic haste. And as he worked, thoughts rushed madly through his brain. Theo’s answer—was to be her return. And with her would come the sunshine and the joy and the beauty of living—to him. She had chosen, because of her love for him, to return to the drab, lonely, work-crowded days which would take heavy toll of her youth and loveliness. She would leave behind her the pleasant leisure and hours of pleasure which were rightfully hers. Because she loved him—how she must love him!

And he—how he thought for an instant that he could live without her? Why, he had been mad! It would have been living death, a deadly existence, without Theo! Oh, he had offered her her “freedom” so generously, and yet deep in his heart there had been—there *must* have been, the confidence that she would return. Otherwise he could not have gone on living—or could he?

Yes, Theo loved him. There was no doubt of it, not an atom of doubt—in view of her sacrifice. It was wonderful to feel that Theo loved him so!

But—and Evert stood silent with the shock of realization—did he love her less, that he would accept her sacrifice? No! Strange that he had not thought of it before: why should Theo be the one to give up her happy lot? He could sell his share in the ranch, and with the proceeds establish himself in some business in the East, near Theo’s old home. Of course, how simple was the solution, after all! And he

would not mind the giving up of his free, outdoor life, because it would be for Theo, who was truly the light of his life.

They entered the cottage together, that Thursday mid-afternoon, as jubilantly as on that other occasion nearly a year before. Theo was just as radiantly eager, Evert as adoringly tender, as then. And besides, Theo seemed to have acquired a quaint, pretty air of proprietorship, as she moved to and fro about the rooms, deftly plumping a cushion here, straightening a cover there, praising Evert for his thoughtfulness in arranging the "homey things" before her arrival. But Evert, watching her and trying to formulate the best way of telling her his latest plans, was conscious only of his own sense of calm and content.

It seemed entirely out of place that their first afternoon at home must be interrupted; but so it had to be. One of the men came over from the ranch, bringing word that a valuable mare had been injured; Evert, who was a veterinary of sorts, was needed.

Theo showed a little disappointment at being so soon left alone at the cottage.

"Oh, the poor thing! Hurry, Evert, dearest!" she exclaimed at once. And as he was leaving: "I'll have dinner ready when you get back, Evert. And do bring me a bunch of those lovely iris when you come, that's a dear!"

Lovely sunset light filled the rooms of the cottage when Evert returned. He had not forgotten the delicate purple and lavender blossoms which Theo had requested, but he stared in amazement as she smilingly took them from him and arranged them in a bowl which presently she placed in the center of the table. She had changed her traveling-dress for one of some linen-like fabric, in hue very similar to the flowers he had brought, and to Theo the color was intensely becoming. Of course, Evert always found Theo a feast for his eyes; but tonight there was something new in her manner which added to her charming appearance. A deftness, a capability, a sureness of movement—he had not time to puzzle over it nor even to speak of it for Theo was chatting gaily and putting the supper on the table, and so on and on, keeping every moment occupied.

But no amount of such occupation could prevent Evert from realizing that he was eating an excellent meal, excellently prepared. He felt bewildered. He wanted to exclaim to her—yet still Theo kept up her gay talk of plans for the future, of the visit which her parents and brother intended to make with her and Evert this Summer.

* * * * *

Twilight. A tiny fire in the grate. Dishes neatly put away, quickly as never before—kitchen in order—husband and wife, with a sense of priceless leisure and nearness to each other, seated close together on the davenport, at length lapsing into contented silence. At last Evert could ask: "Theo, dear, there's something I've noticed tonight—something new about you—you seem so sure of yourself; you got

the dinner so quickly, and—and—everything seemed so easy for you—”

She laughed softly, merrily.

“Everything is easy, now, Evert,” she said. “I’ve come back to you with household efficiency at my fingertips—I can do as I dreamed of doing, long ago. * * * I’ll never again be the dismal failure I began to be, last Autumn—oh, Evert! I wasn’t going to tell you for awhile yet—but I can’t keep it to myself: what do you think I’ve been doing all the time I was away from you?”

“Why—I thought—” stammered Evert.

“I intended you to think so—that I was just having a good time all the time! Dearest, how I deceived you!” Theo mocked tenderly.

“But what else—?” he puzzled.

She grew more serious. “Do you remember Cousin Gerty—and her fear for my housekeeping, which I laughed at? Well, I found that Cousin Gerty was right—I had a hard lesson to learn if I was to learn to ‘do by doing,’ all by myself. So while I’ve been away, I’ve spent much of my time—since New Years, most of it—with Cousin Gerty, learning to ‘do by doing’ under her excellent supervision! Oh, I’ve learned and learned—I worked hard, because I couldn’t bear to fail you!”

“Theo, dear!” he held her close. “And I’ve wondered how I could go on living, without you—I thought you would choose—the way out—”

“As if I could! Evert—when we both know that we two were made just for each other!”

“I know, sweetheart,” he answered. “But there’s another way, too—I was too stupid to see it at first—but after all, we needn’t remain here where the work is so hard for you—it’s a sacrifice you need not make. We’ll sell out—go East—I’ll go into business, and your life will be as it has been and should be.”

“Evert!” Theo sat upright. “Never, never! Don’t think of such a thing—oh, truly, dear, I’d never choose to go back—not to remain!”

“But why?”

“Oh, because I’ve learned too much this last Winter. I never knew before, Evert—but I do now—the narrowness of that life; the petty jealousies, the snobberies, the ungilded side of the gilded existence. Oh, out here it’s so much finer, truer, bigger!—and now that I’ve learned, as much as I have learned, how to do my work instead of letting it ‘do’ me—why, I wouldn’t choose to go back, if I were to be the leader of all the society leaders in the world!”

Evert could think of nothing adequate to say. But his eyes must have spoken sufficiently well, for Theo seemed quite content to cuddle against him and lose herself in dreams.

Presently she giggled and looked up at him again. “How I did fool you, with those old clippings!” she exulted. “I knew you’d never dream that I sent them because they told of affairs I couldn’t describe, not having been present—”

"Little wretch!" he accused her. "Think of all I've suffered—but I'll never suffer so again, my darling! Only—" he concluded whimsically—"I'm afraid I'll always be somewhat upset when I hear that old rhyme—sort of guilty, you know—"

"What rhyme?" Theo wondered.

"Why, the one about 'Thou shalt not wash dishes—'"

"Forget it!" she commanded. "Because you must know, dear—that dish washing, undertaken in the right spirit and with the right system, becomes a part of one of the world's finest arts!"

Salt Lake City.

"Looking For Soft Snaps"

If you are looking for snaps,
In the game of life,
If it's soft, dreamy ease that you crave,
Just keep this in mind,
As you drift along,
You'll not find it, this side of the grave.

Every soul that the good Lord
Has sent down here,
From the realms on the other side,
Is expected to get out,
And lift on the load.
And forget—that it's easier to ride.

The greatest curse, or torment
That could come to you,
As you travel along life's highway,
Would be ease and comfort,
With no work to do,
From morning, until close of day.

So get in and hustle,
And do your part.
Don't always be stealing a ride;
Better pull on the oars,
And head up stream,
And not simply drift, with the tide.

Moab, Utah.

F. M. SHAFER.

Dear Father of Mine

Dear father of mine, as I sit here tonight
And see those gray hairs, which are fast turning white;
Those shoulders that droop, not alone with the years,
But also with Life's many burdens and fears;

Those hands, rough with toil and the work you have done;
Your body, grown tired with the race you have run;
And the wrinkles that deepen as day follows day
And the prime of your life passes swiftly away.

A mysterious feeling steals over my heart,
Just making me wonder if I've done my part;
If I've been a son in the things I have done
As you've been a father to your thoughtless son.

It sets me to thinking of all you've passed through,
And I realize somewhat the debt I owe you,
The value of money to pay it is slight—
The world's wealth and riches could never requite.

For the things you have done for these children of thine,
And the lives you have given them, father of mine.
We can never return all the sleep you have lost,
Nor repay for the hardships that each of us cost;

We cannot turn back the long years gone before,
To relieve you of troubles and worries now o'er;
We can only resolve to bring happiness true
In the years that are coming, dear father, to you.

You have hidden your worries and troubles and cares,
Revealing them only to God in your prayers;
You have fought with a smile full of hope and good cheer,
Under which was concealed all your worry and fear.

You have sacrificed all for the lives dear to you,
And sometimes they'll realize what you've passed through,
And then they will thank you—their all will be thine,
And they'll make your life happy, dear father of mine!

Now that I'm older, my father, I see
Your true worth, and everything you've meant to me,
And my heart overflows with love that I feel
For the man whose influence o'er me has been real.

When childish disputes came and you took my part,
You won your way into my young, thoughtless heart,
When you made bows and arrows and slings for my play,
And joined in my sport at the close of the day;

When my fun was your fun in these childhood days,
And you taught me the secrets of boyhood ways;
When you taught me to pray and to reverence God,
Through lessons you'd learned on the path you had trod

My love for you grew, though it may not have shown—
I was always so proud just to call you my own!
Now, as, on life's journey, the speeding years roll,
It seems you're becoming a part of my soul.

One look of reproof from your eyes, father mine—
Eyes from which virtue and true manhood shine—
Can punish me more than the whip or the lash,
When I've done something evil, or doubtful, or rash,

And your commendation is worth more to me
Than the praises and plaudits of millions could be;
Your word of encouragement sends me along.
With hope in my heart—in my soul a glad song.

For I know you're a man pure, courageous, and true,
No higher ideal could I have than you.
If I can live worthy to be called your son,
I shall say in the end, "Now my task is well done."

If I can just feel that I've lived a pure life,
That I've hidden my trouble and sadness and strife,
And have loved and have served with devotion as true,
I'll feel I have paid some of my debt to you.

Thus far in your life you have been a success,
And have found a real joy and the true happiness
Which comes through the knowledge that you've done your best,
Although with earth's goods you have never been blest.

So I hope that the future will brighten each day,
And I'll do all I can to make easy your way,
I'll try to live up to your teachings so true,
And become as my father—a MAN, through and through!

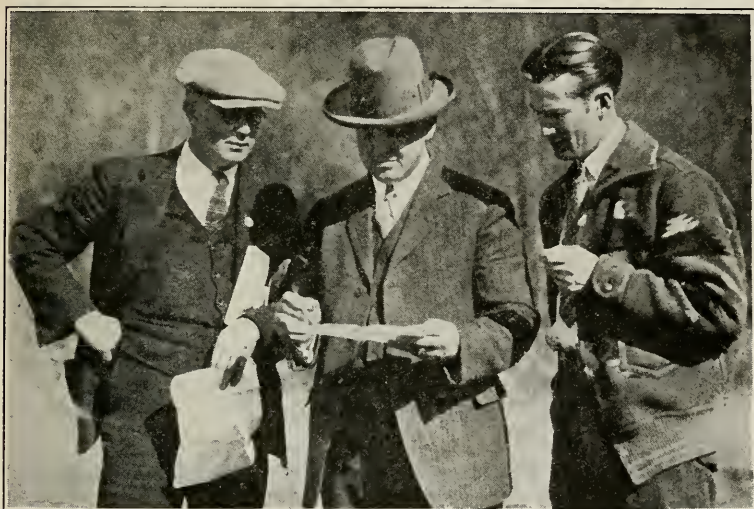
WALTER M. HORNE

WESTERNERS IN ACTION

The Y Athletic Field Ideal

The location of the new athletic field at Brigham Young University is an ideal one. It is situated at the foot of University Hill, just north of the Maeser Memorial building, where the hillside may serve as an elevation for the bleachers. In the future some time a magnificent stadium will probably surround the field which has already been laid out.

Just before school was out last Spring, President Franklin Stewart Harris, his secretary, Kiefer B. Sauls, and members of the graduating class led by their president, Elwyn Potter, of Bancroft, Idaho, visited the field. After looking over the plans for the gridiron and race track, Mr. Potter



Center, President F. S. Harris; left, Secretary K. B. Sauls; right, Elwyn Potter, president of the class of 1926, looking over the plans of the B. Y. U. Athletic Field.

and his class decided to make the field their project. As a result, at one time Mr. Potter handed to the president a check calling for \$1,800, a sum donated by the class to be used in preparing the field for athletic contests.

When the new Y field is completed it will be one of the finest fields in the United States. It extends north and south at the base of the University Hill where bleachers may easily be constructed. According to the plans it is to be carefully drained in order that it may be as dry as possible in the rainiest kind of weather. This work of draining was begun last Spring, when every male student of the University donated one day's work. Y day was also used in digging trench and laying drain pipe.

The president is of the opinion that the making of the field and the track will require at least two years. He declares that nothing short of the best will satisfy the Y.

The new field is surrounded by spacious grounds also owned by the university which will serve as practice fields, baseball diamonds, and tennis

and hockey courts for men and women. Archery ranges will also be provided for by the new scheme.—H. R. M.



Bear River stake Y. M. M. I. A. male chorus, which took first place in the finals of the June conference contest, winning the \$50 prize. Front row, left to right: John J. Shumway; Wendell Grover; Clifton Kerr; Mrs. Pearl Peck, accompanist; George O. Nye, conductor; J. DeLos Thompson; Charles H. Last; Lawrence Wortley. Second row: Marion Summers, Roy Haws, Parley W. Christensen, Henry Brown, James Walton, Oscar Koford, Fred L. Nye, Joseph H. Kirkham. Third row: H. M. Williams, Edward Kerr, Ariel Bradshaw, Alma King, Lee Nebeker, Lyman T. Thorpe. Picture to the *Improvement Era*, through courtesy of Geo. O. Nye, conductor.

Blossoming Like a Rose

BY HAROLD L. SNOW

Elder Martin Christopherson, now president of the Norwegian mission, is one of the old time Salt Lakers who is in a large part responsible for the fact that the desert is "blossoming like the rose" here in Salt Lake Valley. He was the one who supervised the planting of most of the trees and shrubbery about the City and County building, the State Capitol building, and those on the University of Utah campus.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago when the oldest buildings now occupied by the University of Utah were being newly constructed, Brother Christopherson joined the services of the University of Utah as landscape gardener, and was in charge of nearly all of the planting which has been done on the entire campus. Before that time the present University campus, which is a treat to the eyes of thousands of tourists who visit Salt Lake City each month, was a vast expanse of sage brush and weeds.

During the years 1902 and 1903, when the first buildings were being constructed on the University campus, Brother Christopherson brought a hundred evergreens from the mountains and planted them on the University grounds. An extensive lawn was then put in to beautify the new University. Each year more and more shrubs and trees have been added to the campus to beautify it, and now there are more than 1000 assorted shrubs and over 600 shade trees as well as numerous beautiful flower gardens, hedges and wide stretches of lawn. The University students are greeted by no "Keep off the grass" signs. The lawns are well kept, and everyone is invited to



The University campus looking east, before any buildings were erected. The accompanying photo shows approximately the same spot today. Practically all the planting was done by Mr. Christopherson himself.



An Example of Mr. Christopherson's Work—The University Campus Today. Museum Building in center; Administration Building at left; Industrial Education Building at right.

visit and to enjoy the beauty of the campus which has been nearly twenty-five years in the making.

Martin Christopherson is a specialist in his line. The Utah State Fair has awarded him twelve gold medals and eight silver medals for the excellent trees, shrubs and flowers that he has grown. Last September, before he left on his mission, he resigned his duties with the University of Utah, following many years of service.

He is now seventy-six years of age. He came to Utah, as an immigrant, in 1871, and is at present filling his fourth mission. Nearly two years ago he and Mrs. Christopherson celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. They have five sons, four daughters and twenty-four grandchildren.

Camp Kiesel

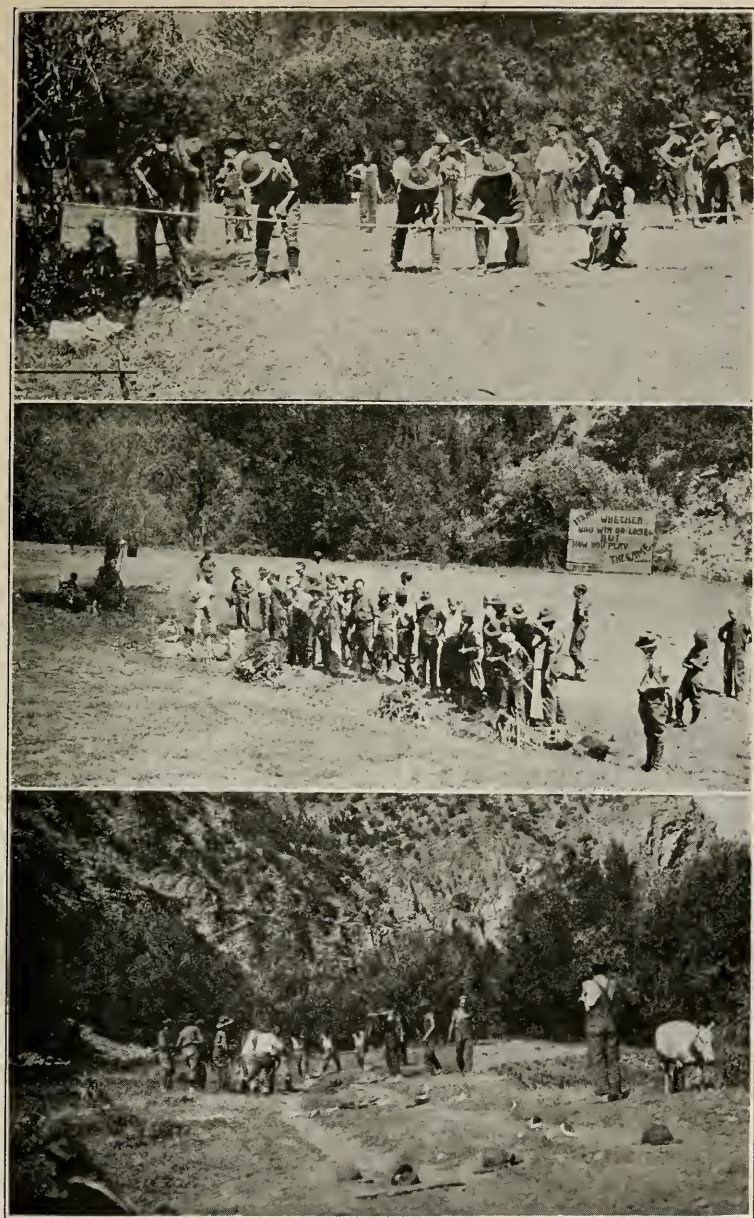
(See *Frontispiece*)

BY DILWORTH YOUNG, SCOUT EXECUTIVE

Nestling under the age-old back-bone of the ridge dividing Loss Creek and the creeks flowing into the Ogden river, and lying at the base of Monte Cristo, 9,500 feet high, is Camp Kiesel. This is the property of the Ogden Gateway Area Council, Boy Scouts of America. Boys gather here in the Summer from Morgan, North Davis, Boxelder, and Weber counties for their Summer outing, and weeks of glorious camping. The camp this year has been under the direction of Scout Executive S. Dilworth Young, assisted by Field Ex. Geo. Bergstrom, Dep. Comm. O. H. Bybee, and Willis Smith, naturalist. The culinary department was handled in splendid style by Mrs. Nellie Rose and Miss Alissa Manning of Garland. Much character-building work was accomplished by the scouts. The boys hiked a total of 3,858 miles in nature study. They spent a total of 2,764 hours in nature work. They worked in handicraft a total of 2,937 hours, including archery and leather handicraft. The daily program was divided so that each boy did the things he liked most to do. No forcing into work the boy disliked. The daily activity was of such variety that the boy always found something interesting to do. There was a weekly hike to Monte Cristo, eleven miles away. Cache Valley, glimpses of Salt Lake Valley, the Bear River Valley into Wyoming, The Ogden River Valley, and, far off in the distance, blue with white tips, the rugged peaks of the Uintah ranges can be seen.

Camp Kiesel lies 25 miles east of Ogden, in the forks of two streams that roar and tumble in a succession of falls and cataracts. At the rear of the cabin stands the "Organ Loft" in majestic solitude. This great rock forms a perfect background as well as a sounding board for singers who climb into it's "Console" to sing to the scouts. On the opposite side of the canyon the profile of Brigham Young, carved from the solid rock by the Great Sculptor, seems to say, "This is the place." There are a total of fifteen cataracts and water falls in the little canyon, all within the distance of a mile. The crowning work of nature is a great spring, gushing from the side of the mountain and tumbling down to the bottom of the canyon, the real source of the Ogden river. It is estimated that an average of 20 second feet of water throughout the year, gushes from this fountain. The famous water ouzel is there in large numbers. It braves the winter colds and remains throughout the year. The scouts have observed the nesting and rearing of its young. The whole canyon is a series of Alpine meadows, framed with aspen and fir, and crowned on all sides by richly colored cliffs rising hundreds of feet. Such authorities as Dr. Geo R. Hill, Dr. E. Lawrence Palmer, Cornell University, and Prof. Matthews of the U. of U., pronounced it an ideal spot for a scout camp. The rocks of the vicinity are of sedimentary limestone.

Camp Kiesel occupies a section of ground comprising eighty acres. The cabin has a beautiful fireplace and a complete equipment for 70 boys.



SCOUT GAMES AT CAMP KIESEL

Bottom: The dressing race; Center: Water boiling race; Note the motto, "It's not whether you win or lose; but how you play the game. Nuf said;" Top: The knot-tying race.

It is a gift to the boys of this section of the state of Mrs. Wilhelmina Kiesel Shearman, given in honor of her father, Frederick John Kiesel, a leading early business man of Ogden. No gift could be more lasting and beneficial than this, to the boyhood of Northern Utah.

The Tabernacle Choir Tour

BY HAROLD H. JENSON

"Say it with music" was the motto of the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir on their recent tour through California, which has advertised Utah in a way that could never have been accomplished otherwise. Papers were lavish in their praise, and their articles were illustrated with large pictures of the choir, including close-ups of officials and soloists. This was the third time the Tabernacle Choir had toured the Pacific coast; they have also made trips to Denver, Chicago and New York, in the years gone by. These visiting ambassadors of song were received "with open arms" and glad hearts wherever they appeared, and their singing and personalities made impressions that should result in much good for the Beehive state. Everyone praised the wonderful organization, which is said to be the largest unpaid volunteer choir in the world. The well-balanced chorus, perfect harmony and splendid technique have been subjects for discussion by many music critics. The choir, numbering 206, including 18 soloists, left Friday afternoon, July 23, for San Francisco, accompanied by 700 tourists. Three special trains were necessary to accommodate the crowd. Captains of cars were appointed, and one car was set apart especially for the ladies. Sociability and good fellowship were in evidence and helped materially to make the trip successful.

Upon their arrival at Sacramento, Saturday, July 24, they were met at the station by members of the Chamber of Commerce and the fireman's band. They paraded nine blocks, through the hot sun, to the state capitol, where an outdoor concert was held. The numbers given were "Let the Mountains Shout for Joy," by Evan Stephens, former Tabernacle Choir leader, and "The Sunset Trail," by Cadman, California's noted composer. Speeches were made by Mayor Anderson of Sacramento, who was introduced by Manager H. C. Prince of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce; Mayor Neslen of Salt Lake City and Bishop David A. Smith, president of the choir. About twenty-five officials of the choir were entertained at luncheon at the Century Hotel; and peaches from "the golden valley" were given the visitors on the train. The Utahns were welcomed at Oakland in the evening, and a concert was held in the Civic Auditorium of that city, which was acclaimed a big success musically. In San Francisco, Sunday, July 25, many of them availed themselves of the opportunity to attend religious services, some of them taking part on the programs. The company left at 10 o'clock Sunday night for Santa Barbara, where they arrived Monday at 8 o'clock. Mayor Adrian and friends greeted the visitors, who sang Stephen's anthem at the station, and a short stay was made in the city.

Los Angeles was reached at 1:30, and newspaper men, photographers, a reception committee, and hundreds of friends, were awaiting their arrival. Boyle Workman, representing Mayor Cryer, and Charles A. Cook of the Chamber of Commerce welcomed the visitors. In the afternoon San Bernardino was the objective and busses took the party on a sixty-mile ride. The City Auditorium was filled to capacity at the evening concert. A similar crowd packed the Long Beach Pier Auditorium on Tuesday evening, and after the concert Senator Reed Smoot and Bishop Charles W. Nibley spoke. Many interested themselves in the sights on the beaches or at Catalina Islands.

On Wednesday evening Hollywood Bowl was the center of attraction. The concert was well advertised, and thousands sat in the great

outdoor amphitheatre and listened to the rendition of the program. Cadman heard his two numbers given, and was loud in his praise. Mayor Cryer of Los Angeles and party were present. No more impressive surrounding could be imagined than at this great outdoor auditorium, towering far above the stage to the mountains. It has wonderful acoustics and a seating capacity of 25,000; and it was estimated that 20,000 attended the concert, the largest attendance any concert has ever had there. A real surprise of this concert was a duet by Leon G. Smith and the Italian



Top: Hollywood Bowl, where the Choir's largest concert was held.
Bottom: Station at San Diego, where Choir Pullmans were parked.

tenor, A. Capereni, which won well deserved applause, as also did the entire choir. Sir Henry Wood termed it "The greatest singing organization" he had ever heard. The choir left for San Diego at midnight.

The San Diego visit was equally interesting, with the same genial hospitality shown; and the evening concert in the great outdoor theatre at Balboa Park, formerly Exposition Park, had a wonderful setting. The great Spreckles organ there enabled Edwin P. Kimball, Tabernacle organist, to perform his best, and two numbers were played in appealing style. Dur-

ing the concert a comment was made on the great Tabernacle organ, called "Pipes of Pan in 1926."

The return to Los Angeles on Friday was featured with an evening concert at Pomona, which was well received; and Saturday found them back in San Francisco, where a concert was given in the evening at the Civic Auditorium, attended by one of the largest crowds of the tour.

On the return trip home, they stopped at Reno, Nevada, Sunday, August 1, and held an outdoor concert on the steps of the City Hall at 12:30 o'clock. Thousands listened to the recital, which included Stephen's "Mormon" hymn and a special quartette. The Lieutenant Governor of Nevada, Maurice J. Sullivan, and Mayor E. E. Roberts of Reno, addressed the crowd.

Monday morning, August 2, at 7 o'clock, marked their arrival in Salt Lake City, where they were met by relatives and friends, Edward M. Ashton of the Chamber of Commerce making an address of welcome. They were all tired from so strenuous a trip, but expressed themselves as having enjoyed it immensely. Aside from their own extreme pleasure, from the many scenes and experiences at the various places they visited, they had accomplished much for the good of the State, in the favorable impressions they left with the sixty thousand or more Californians who had listened to their entertainments.

On Tuesday evening, August 3, at the Lake Theatre in Nibley Park, a home-coming celebration was held in their honor, and thousands applauded the many choir numbers, the soloists and Charminade chorus. The speakers were Governor George N. Dern, Mayor C. Clarence Neslen, Bishop David A. Smith and Professor A. C. Lund. George N. Child acted as master of ceremonies.

Utah's Greatest Outdoor Gathering

BY H. R. MERRILL

That the people of Utah and of the United States are gradually coming to realize that right here, within fifty miles of the Utah state capitol, is one of the finest mountains in the world is indicated by the fact that year by year the Annual Timpanogos Hike grows in numbers. This year at the time of the Fifteenth Annual Hike, which was held July 16 and 17, a crowd estimated as numbering at least 3,500 persons assembled at Aspen Grove for the pre-hike program on July 16, the evening before the hike. This increase in fifteen years from a party of fifteen or twenty to a party of 3,500 indicates that the mountain is attractive.

Owing to the increase in the size of the crowds that assemble for the program, the old idea of a camp-fire program had to be abandoned. The crackling of the immense fire coupled with the spread of the crowd made it impossible for the majority of the people to see or hear. As a result relief was sought this year. In company with E. C. Shepherd, forest supervisor, and Vivian West, forest ranger, E. L. Roberts, founder of the hike, and a number of B. Y. U. and Provo business and professional men sought for a natural theatre. A location was selected on the toes of Timpanogos where a pine-clad hill offered ample space for a large audience. A collection was made among Provo citizens and soon a platform that would serve as a stage was erected at the base of the hill. The Forest Service, under the direction of Ranger West, began the work, and the citizens of Provo finished it in time for the program this year.

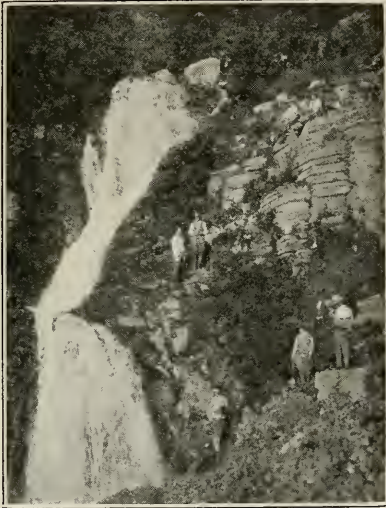
Expert woodsmen were engaged to provide seats. These were made of unhewn logs, dragged on to the side hill and staked in place. Professor E. H. Eastmond, assisted by his helpers from the art department, decorated the new theatre with pennants and Chinese lanterns.

On Friday night, July 16, when thousands of people assembled on

the hillside for the program, the sight was one of the most charming ever seen in Utah or anywhere else. People, who had participated in many hikes and traveled in many lands, declared the spectacle to be one of the most thrilling they had ever seen.

An excellent program, arranged by the general committee assisted by Gerrit de Jong and other members of the college of Fine Arts of Brigham Young University, was one of the best ever given at Aspen Grove. It was especially appreciated because every person who found a seat on the spacious hillside could hear every word and could see every act.

During the program souvenir Timp Sticks were given away to those who had come the farthest to participate in the hike. Two ladies by the



CO-ED FALLS, ASPEN GROVE TRAIL

name of Barrett from long Island, New York, recieved sticks for the women who had come farthest with the hike in mind. Two men, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. MacLaughlan, of Chicago, received sticks for the men; Dr. Sisson, of the University of London, received a stick also. Dr. Sisson was with the University of Utah party. A lady from Cedar city, 68 years of age, received the stick for being the oldest woman to attempt the hike, and Mormon Selman, 71, of Provo received the stick for being the oldest man.

After the great program concluded, fifteen giant sky rockets announced the age of the hike. This display was followed by the official lighting of the bonfire by Helen Taylor, of Provo, a daughter of Dr. Fred Taylor, an ardent lover of Utah's wonder mountain.

The hike the next day, July 17, was one of the largest of the fifteen. It is not known how many were on the trails of the mountain, but it is safe to say that fully 1000 reached the top or points well up along the winding trail.

Unfortunately, due to lack of snow, the glacier was not at its best. There was plenty of opportunity, however, for the enthusiastic to slide. The slide was not as long or as thrilling as those of most of the former years.

The sights of hundreds of people winding up the long, long trail towards the summit of the hoary mountain was a spectacle that many will carry with them the remainder of their lives. The Provo Kiwani:

Club, the organization that has fostered the bonfire and has provided the logs for it, was well represented on the hike. A great many of the men who had labored the day before to build the fire were found at Emerald Lake enjoying the upper cirques of the grand old mountain.

That the Timpanogos Hike is an established institution is certain. Mountain lovers everywhere will eventually make the journey above the clouds to a land such as few mortals have ever had the pleasure of seeing.



Flashlight photo by George K. Lewis

THEATRE OF THE PINES—ASPEN GROVE

During the program given in connection with the Fifteenth Annual Timpanogos Hike, July 16 and 17, when 3,500 people from all parts of America assembled for the great pilgrimage.

U. of U. Professors Explore Historic Trail

BY HAROLD L. SNOW

For many years following Escalante's journey through Utah, Spaniards frequented the Interior Basin. Brigham Young found Spaniards buying slaves around about Utah lake long after the famous Spanish expedition, according to Professor Herbert Bolton, head of the history department of the University of California.

Dr. Bolton was the speaker at the fifty-seventh annual commencement exercises of the University of Utah this Spring, and remained in Salt Lake City to teach in the Summer school. He spent his week-ends, accompanied by Professor A. I. Neff of the history department of the University of Utah, Dr. Leland H. Creer of the University of California and formerly of Utah, H. A. Pace, William McSwain, A. J. Atkins, Gustave Larson and Spencer Parratt of the University of Utah, exploring and identifying the historic Escalante trail across the state of Utah.

Escalante's journey consisted of six months' continuous travel on horseback; from Santa Fe the party traveled northwestward to the Gunnison River, Colorado, and at a Ute village south of Glenwood Springs they



Split Mountain, east of the place where Escalante crossed the Green River.

picked up an Indian who became their guide from that point to Utah lake. "Silvester," as he was called, was coming home, and Escalante's party came with him. So the first village visited by Escalante was the Ute or Timpanogos settlement, where the city of Provo now stands.

It was by Cliff Creek that Escalante entered Utah, and he reached



Andrew Frank and his race horse; a twentieth century Ute who lives near Vernal.

the Green River at Jensen, Utah. It was from Jensen that Dr. Bolton and party have retraced the trail up Duchesne river to Strawberry valley; from there over the mountains, down Diamond canyon and Spanish Fork canyon, and thence down the valley to Provo, and to the Arizona line through

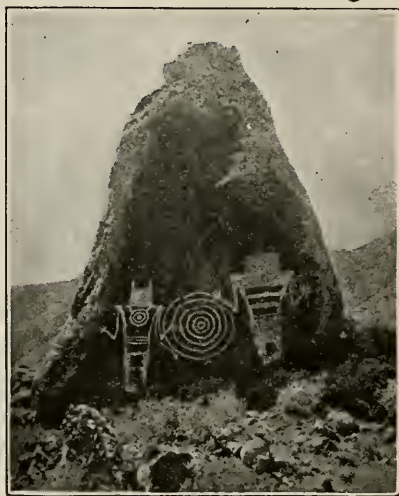


A Ute Tepee near Escalante's Crossing of the Green River.

Payson, Nephi, Mills, Scipio, Oasis, Milford, Cedar, Toquerville, and Hurricane.

Speaking of the pre-pioneer days in the part of the United States now lying within the boundaries of the state of Utah, Dr. Bolton said:

"In the opening of the Great West, Utah occupied a strategic place. Trails to the farther west crossed her territory. Her streams were favorite haunts for the



Bear Rock on Cliff Creek, near Escalante's Crossing.

Beaver, the "golden fleece" of the trapper. In her valleys dwelt the Utes, sought by the missionary, Indian trader and slave hunter.

"It was several decades before the Latter-day Saint pioneers came out west, that a trail was opened from the Colorado line at Jensen to Utah Lake, and thence to the Arizona line near St. George. Escalante with nine other Spaniards blazed this historic path in 1776. The object that inspired so much sweat was the desire to find a road from Santa Fe to San Francisco, California.

"It is interesting to know that the day set for the departure from Santa Fe was July 4, 1776. The ringing of the Liberty Bell that same day at Philadelphia meant a blow at the English Empire. The expedition staged to start north from Santa Fe the same day, aimed at the extension and defense of the Spanish Empire. But of these things the 'rebels' at Philadelphia and the Pioneers at Santa Fe were mutually ignorant."

An Alien

An Alien was I destined to be,
Born in a land across the sea.
My children there no freedom knew;
Freedom alone to kings belonged,
And those who grace the mighty throng.
But never the humble or the meek
Might for their rights in freedom speak.
In that land beyond the sea.

But "Liberty," her light shed forth
And from the Islands of the North
Came out the sons of servitude.
And by her enlightening flame
Called every man to grace his name
And taste the freedom of the free,
In God's own Land of Liberty.

And so an Alien though I be,
Born in a land across the sea.
Your Flag of Sunbeams, Bars, and Stars,
Shall be revered by me.
My children, too, I'll strive to teach
That Freedom is the right of each,
And pray that they may always be
Worthy of this Liberty.

Mt. Emmons, Utah

MRS. ELSIE GUNTER

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

The missionary spirit of receiving help from members of the Church and from earnest investigators should be encouraged and developed. The recipients of the more than earthly treasure that the missionaries have to give—the message of life and salvation—should be ready and eager to contribute to the needs of those who come to them in the name of the Lord.

Throughout the many missions of the Church in all countries there is abundant demonstration of the fact that wherever the people impart of their substance to assist the missionaries disciples are found and converts made. The elders should be in a receptive state of mind, ready to accept the hospitality offered them, and must not fail to invoke the divine blessing upon the individual, family or household from whom they receive such aid.—President James E. Talmage, in *Millennial Star*.

Ten Baptisms in Colorado

Elder Charles A. Remington, president of the West Colorado conference, Grand Junction, Colorado, reports advancement in the work of the Lord in that conference. "During the month of June, we administered the ordinance of baptism to ten persons, and organized one new Sunday School, which seems to be making very good headway."



ELDERS OF WEST COLORADO CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Chas. A. Remington, president West Colorado conference; President John M. Knight, of Western States mission; and Kenneth L. Burt. Back row: Joseph E. Lovell, Hyrum O. Hansen, Merrill W. Wood, Archie W. Gill, Newell H. Baum.

Joseph Fielding Smith in Minnesota

Writing from Minneapolis, Minnesota, Robert W. Harvey, president of the South Minnesota conference, says: "Elder Joseph Fielding Smith made a tour of this mission and conference, and we had the pleasure of his presence at our quarterly conference. He and President Allred gave most valuable instructions and inspiring talks, which greatly encouraged the missionaries to renewed energy. At a recent baptismal service four souls were

added to our already increasing numbers. One young lady, who has been deaf since she was seven years old, read our books and the missionaries wrote the answers to her questions, and she now has a strong testimony to bear and advocates 'Mormonism' wherever opportunity affords."



MISSIONARIES OF NORTH MINNESOTA, SOUTH MINNESOTA, AND PARK CONFERENCES

Top row, left to right: Ellis A. Heninger, former president Park conference; William Jensen, president North Minnesota conference; Earl M. Dixon, mission secretary; Joseph Fielding Smith of the Council of the Twelve; John G. Allred, mission president; J. Urban Allred, former president South Minnesota conference; Robert W. Harvey, president South Minnesota conference; Harold O. Merkley, president Manitoba conference. Second row: M. Elmer Roundy; J. Milton Whitworth; Otto T. W. Nielson, president Park conference; Jane Farmer; Gloria K. Mangum; Lovell J. Mendenhall; Wilhelm Pedersen, released; John V. Johansen. Third row: John A. Earley, Lake conference; Alma N. Redding, mission clerk; Wren M. Holman; Iva P. A. Mortensen; Ida Wealthy Lake; Andrew Johnson, released; E. Albert Rosenvall; Edward C. Gunderson, released. Fourth row: Raymond E. Nilson; William Penny, released; Howard W. Call; David A. Robison, released; Earl R. Egbert, released; William D. Baird, Jr., released; Floyd H. Johnson; E. Bennett Hansen. Bottom row: Ariel C. Traveller, Matilda L. Tueller, released; Lula M. Giles, released; LaBelle Anderson; Marva Crawford; Virginia Standifird; Elmer J. Poulsen.

A Prophetic Utterance

President Ezra J. Nixon, 18 Loomis St., Burlington, Vt., reports: "On November 1, 1925, the Vermont-New Hampshire conference was organized. Within three months of the re-opening of the gospel doors in this territory, two branches and one Sunday School of the Church were organized. This memorial locality, in recent years, has entertained a spirit of bitterness towards the Church. We have observed in the past few months that the Spirit of the Lord is working upon the people and preparing the way for us to preach the gospel. Cities which have heretofore ill-treated the missionaries and refused them the privilege of holding meetings, now



MISSIONARIES VERMONT-NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Top row, left to right: Edwin R. Kearsley, Victor, Idaho; E. N. Jensen, Smoot, Wyoming; L. G. Knight, Salt Lake City. Middle row: William Bradfield, Leamington, Utah; A. L. Johnson, Preston, Idaho; Robert E. Adamson, Carey, Idaho; Lloyd W. Parkins, Woodscross, Utah; P. W. Johnson, Short Creek, Arizona. Front row: Ezra J. Nixon, conference president, Provo; Laura Hair, Duchesne, Utah; B. H. Roberts, Mission President; Anna L. Clegg, Grace, Idaho; Merrill L. Oldroyd, Fountain Green, Utah.

welcome the elders into their midst and grant them the privilege of carrying on their regular missionary work. On May 1 and 2 an inspiring conference was held, including a spirited Priesthood meeting on Saturday; and in the evening President B. H. Roberts was the principal speaker at a street meeting, during which he declared that Vermont, in years to come, would be more proud of the fact that it had given birth to Joseph Smith, the Prophet, than to any of its celebrated statesmen. The street was thronged with people who seemed very interested in his discourse. It has been

stated that the re-opening of the gospel doors in this district is one of the greatest achievements of the mission."

Two New Sunday Schools Organized

The semi-annual conference of San Diego was held April 24-25, with President Joseph W. McMurrin in attendance. The Priesthood met at



MISSIONARIES OF THE SAN DIEGO CONFERENCE

Back row, left to right: Leonard L. Taggart, Dorus K. Warner, Lois Webb, Henry Gardner, Henry C. Watkins, Mrs. Charles Milton, Gloria Milton. Middle row: Axie Spackman, Mary I. Hansen, Arthur W. Maxwell, Consuelo Helen Milton (Saint), A. Golden Willie, Nils Lofgren. Bottom row: Milton W. West; Laura I. Astle, corresponding secretary; Lelland R. Wright, president San Diego conference; Joseph W. McMurrin, president California mission; Charlotte Staker, Relief Society; Reed S. Gardner, mission secretary.

10 o'clock Saturday morning, with fifteen missionaries present. The Relief Society held the first session, on Saturday evening, at 7:30. The usual heart-felt testimonies were borne by the missionaries throughout the conference, and exhortation to those present to continue in the line of duty was given by President McMurrin. A financial report showed the splendid use that was being made with tithing money. The average attendance at the meetings during the conference was about two hundred fifty, of which a number were investigators. We believe a good work can be done in this district. Satisfactory statistics marked improvement in the past six months. Two new Sunday Schools have been organized, and preaching services held in both places. A choir has been organized in Eskindido, and interest has increased in cottage meetings in new districts; and we are in hopes of establishing more Sunday Schools, Relief Societies and Primaries.

—*Mary I. Hansen.*

A French Writer in the Land of the "Mormons"

Elder Welden W. Taggart, of Ogden, writing from the French mission, under date of July 5, states that approximately twice the number of missionaries are in that field than there were a year ago; hence, the mission is making appreciable advancement. "Increased activities and broadened fields have made it necessary for us to expand our store of gospel literature. Several new tracts, some of which appear in the French language for the first time, have been printed. Translations of two of the late President Charles W. Penrose's brochures, treating the "Book of Mormon" and "Work For the Dead," complete a collection of ten of his series, *Rays of Living Light*, now available to the French-speaking people. Also new to the French language are translations of *Extracts from the Prophet Joseph Smith's Own Story*, by Elder B. H. Roberts, and the tract, *The Lord's Day*. These additions



MISSIONARIES OF THE SWISS-FRENCH CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Gordon N. Cope, Salt Lake City; Ethan O. Huffaker, Idaho Falls; George T. Lynch, conference president, released, Salt Lake City; Sister Venus R. Rossiter, president mission Relief Societies; Sister Betty Rossiter; President Ernest C. Rossiter, French Mission, Salt Lake City; Verle N. Fry, Logan; Leonard A. Robbins, Salt Lake City. Second row: Walton K. Hall, Salt Lake City; Rulon W. Shaw, Ogden; H. Cless Crockett, incoming conference president, Salt Lake City; Paul D. Miller, Salt Lake City; Welden W. Taggart, Ogden; Henry G. West, Pocatello; Harold S. Cole, Salt Lake City; George Y. Jarvis, Sacramento, California. Back row: John S. Ness, Salt Lake City; Ray C. Moody, Deseret; Odell L. Barnson, San Diego, California; Ralph C. Rich, Salt Lake City.

to our comparatively meagre supply of literature will greatly aid the work in this part of the Lord's vineyard. Considerable favorable comment was made recently, and very much good done among the people, by the appearance in the *Gazette de Lausanne* of a front-page article, entitled "In the Land of the Mormons." This article, very fair and interesting, was written by a highly esteemed French writer, Benjamin Valloton, who visited Salt Lake City recently and did a bit of personal investigation. This article was especially valuable to our cause in view of the fact that slightly more than a year ago, our missionaries were unjustly refused the right to carry on their work at Lausanne and were driven from the city by authorities, influenced, no

doubt, by the clergy. The missionaries of the Swiss-French conference, June 24, were privileged to travel by autobus from Geneva to Chamonix, at the foot of Mont Blanc in France. Here they made a side trip to the famous Mer de Glace, a glacier on the face of Mont Blanc. They were also fortunate a day later in being able to attend a beautiful flower festival given at Geneva. The elders of the mission send salutations to everybody at home and to elders in all the world."—*Welden W. Taggart.*

New Chapel a Great Help

On Sunday, April 25, under direction of Mission President Charles H. Hyde, a conference was held in Perth, Australia. There was a large attendance and a rich flow of the Spirit of the Lord. President and Sister Hyde remained for a week, visiting with the saints and elders, giving them much encouragement and counsel. The Perth conference is more than twenty-seven hundred miles from the mission headquarters at Sidney. The visit from President and Sister Hyde was highly appreciated. The new chapel we have built here is a great help in promoting the work of the Lord, who is blessing us and rewarding our efforts and labors.—*Morris B. Buckwalter.*



ELDERS OF THE PERTH CONFERENCE

Sitting, left to right: Reuel E. Christensen, incoming conference president; Carrie Hyde, president of Relief Society of the Australian mission; Morris B. Buckwalter, outgoing conference president. Standing: Edgar Nelson, Rulon S. Stromberg, J. Wm. Christensen, J. Cash Smith.

New Chapel in Florida Conference

Elder J. A. Hendrickson, one of the short-term missionaries to the Southern States mission, reports the erection of a new chapel in the Florida conference of that mission, at a cost of \$75,000.00. The new chapel is located in the city of Jacksonville, on what is known as Riverside, considered the cleanest and most prominent part of the city. The building is made of brick, with a semi-basement, which will be used as an amusement hall and will seat about 350, while the auditorium will accommo-

date 550. "We moved into the chapel on June 20," states Elder Hendrickson, "making use of the lower floor, the auditorium not being fully completed. There were 371 in attendance at the Sunday School at 10 a. m., and 312 present at the evening meeting. Four baptisms were performed during the afternoon of that day, in the baptismal font situated in the lower part of the building, and four days later there were four additional baptisms. There are approximately five thousand saints in the state of Florida. Mission President Charles A. Callis stated that he believed this is the largest chapel owned by the Church east of Utah, and that our Sunday School that day was the largest ever held east of Utah."



ELDERS OF THE FLORIDA CONFERENCE

Top row, left to right: M. Owen Skousen; Fay Iverson; Geo. E. Nielsen; L. H. Brimhall, builder of the new Jacksonville church; Elder L. W. Parr, painter of the church building; D. D. Webb. Middle row: D. E. Stoker; J. G. Kerr; Bishop J. A. Hunt; J. A. Hendricksen, conference president; Mission President Charles A. Callis; N. T. Curtis; Lamond Lloyd; C. H. Turley. Bottom row: N. T. Ward, Lee Dearden, R. A. Sheffield, LaVern Wilkenson, H. A. Burgon, Jesse Baker.

A Pageant on the Book of Mormon

Reed T. Rollo, conference president Leipzig conference, Germany, reports all the branches in the Leipzig conference, Deutsch-Oesterreichischen, in better condition than ever before. Missionaries were recently sent to the historical city of Weimar, where they have organized a branch. "The people of this city seem to be very susceptible to the word of the Lord. Thirty-five friends and investigators attend the meetings regularly; three have been baptized, and several others have applied. Our General conference was held June 5-7. President and Sister Tadge, and Brother Phillip Tadge, father of the mission president, were in attendance. The father of the mission president is fulfilling his third mission. In spite of the unemployment wave at present in Germany, more than a hundred saints from the outlying branches attended conference. A pageant entitled, *Das Buch Mormon* was remark-

ably well presented by fifty children of the Leipzig Sunday School. More than five hundred Saints and investigators were present. Without doubt it is the largest and most impressive pageant ever presented in Germany. The evening preaching service was attended by more than six hundred people, two hundred of whom were investigators. A seventy-voice choir assisted in making the meetings successful. Prospects are bright for the progress of the work in the future. Cottage meetings are held in the smaller villages with much success. Plans are made to send missionaries in the near future to Dessau and Magdeburg, which places have had no missionaries since before the World War. The *Improvement Era* is a great aid to us in our missionary labors; and we extend hearty thanks for it."



MISSIONARIES LEIPZIG CONFERENCE, GERMAN-AUSTRIAN MISSION

Three children of President Tadge, left to right: John, Bobby and Harold. Front row, left to right: Reed T. Rollo, president Leipzig conference; Phillip Tadge, Dresden conference; Sister Eliza Tadge; Mission President Fred Tadge; Milton Leishmann, president Breslau conference; Earnest D. Schettler, assistant mission secretary; Adelbert Cranney, president Chemnitz conference (released). Back row: Norman Berndt, Chemnitz conference; W. Lee Davis; A. T. Fotland; Russell Cranney, Chemnitz conference; Wm. Holt; Donald Jensen; Rudolph Erickson.

Prospects For Baptisms Good in Iowa

Lloyd A. Davis, president of the East Iowa conference, reports progress in that district, regardless of the fact that the people in that part of the country are very indifferent to religion in general. He proceeds: "We have also been favored with some anti-'Mormon' publications, but they have not hindered, but rather caused some interest to be shown, and have given us some chances to explain the gospel. A number of baptisms have been held this year, and the prospects of more are good. All the elders are in the country now, and are enjoying that part of the work exceedingly. Many large street meetings have been held. We have appreciated the help given in our conference by the short-term missionaries, and are looking forward to their coming again. The *Era* is a big help, and we look forward to it with its excellent stories and testimonies, which are very encouraging to the Saints here."

Many Hear the Gospel For the First Time

LeRoy E. Peterson, president of the Bristol conference, reports a Spring conference held at Bristol, England, on May 23, with President James E. Talmage of the European missions in attendance. He delivered some excellent discourses and gave valuable instructions to missionaries and officers of the auxiliary organizations. "Since the coming of Spring, we are enjoying our labors immensely. We can now get out into the country districts. Many people of these rural districts have never heard the gospel message as we deliver it. We feel prayerfully confident that much good can be accomplished in these precincts." We extend our thanks and appreciation for the *Improvement Era*. It is a great spiritual benefit to the missionaries."



ELDERS OF THE BRISTOL CONFERENCE

Back row, left to right: Harold J. Butcher, Ogden; Harvey P. Foster, Ogden; Lee W. Lund, Manti; Weldon G. Green, Salt Lake City; Robert Hannah (local brother), Torquay, England; Levon E. Payne, Provo, Utah. Front row: Howard Judd, St. George, Utah; LeRoy E. Peterson, conference president, Fairview, Utah; Mission President James E. Talmage, Salt Lake City; Carl E. Brown, conference clerk, Salt Lake City; E. Lee Nichols, Pocatello, Idaho.

Opposition Melting Away

Elder Lewis R. Bird, Rapid City, South Dakota, reports the Black Hills conference held last Spring, with President Rudger Clawson and President John M. Knight present, both of whom gave some very enlightening sermons on our belief in God and his attributes and character and the divinity of Jesus Christ. Six men have been ordained to the Priesthood. A Relief Society has been organized in Rapid City this Spring and it is helping the missionaries very much. Nine persons have been baptized this year, and as many more are awaiting for the ordinance to be performed. Fifty-eight Books of Mormon were sold and forty-four loaned in the past three months. "We have been called upon to administer to many people, and the Lord has answered our prayers. Opposition towards the work is melting away. We have attended some evening parties and introduced some recreations among the people, and have thus made some very good friends. We were asked to

take charge of one evening party and opened it with prayer and closed it with prayer. Those present said it was the best party they had ever attended. Three persons present have asked for baptism and have attended our services ever since. At the last conference Rapid City was made a branch, with Elder Lewis R. Bird as president. We express sincere thanks and appreciation for the help derived from the *Improvement Era*; it is helpful both to the missionaries and to the investigators."—*Lewis R. Bird*, conference president.

The Elders of the Black Hills conference are: Lewis R. Bird, conference and branch president, Rigby, Idaho; Arthur F. Bliss, Sunnyside, Utah; Wm. R. Winmill, Sugar City, Idaho; Joseph H. Lym, Salt Lake City; H. Karl Harrison, Newcastle, Utah; Archie Sant, Grace, Idaho; Hilbert Smith, Sugar City, Idaho.

The Way in Which to Walk

A missionary conference was held in Douglas, Arizona, recently, in which it was proved anew that "in unity there is strength," and that "co-operation brings immediate results," and that "service to humanity and obedience to God is the way in which to walk," and these slogans bring big



MISSIONARIES IN DOUGLAS, ARIZONA

First row, left to right: Alonzo D. Bushnell, incoming conference president, Meadow; Marvin E. Dansie, Riverton; Herman A. Bjork, Sandy, Utah; Leland Call, Rigby, Idaho; Melvin C. Cornwall, Murray, Utah; Leo J. Huskinson, Rexburg, Idaho; Raymond H. Stewart, Lehi; Lloyd A. Perry, Brigham City. Second row: Vernal A. Smith, Lewiston; R. Claude Boyce, Murray, Utah; Raeburn E. Bischoff, outgoing conference president, Lovell, Wyoming; Mission President Joseph W. McMurrin; Frank Brown, Los Angeles conference; Aart J. Neuteboom, Ogden; Emery S. Willardson, Monroe. Third row: William D. Kuhre, Sandy; Alvin E. Miller, Riverton; Mrs. A. E. Miller, Riverton; Dorothy J. Cox, Midvale; Jane Garfield, Draper, Utah; Var. O. Buchanan, Blackfoot, Idaho.

dividends. Conference was a state-wide activity and people came from more than 425 miles to attend. The Saints of Douglas, Arizona, 200 in number, and the patrons who so cheerfully and adequately entertained for several days the 175 visiting guests are to be commended for their interest in the conference. They say they were richly repaid in the beautiful music rendered, and in the inspiring, enlightening and encouraging words that were spoken. The stakes and wards of Arizona are behind the mission work, pushing with united and untiring zeal.

President Heber J. Grant in Massachusetts

Elder Eldon Wittwer, president of the Massachusetts conference, writes that at their latest conference held in Boston, the elders and saints were favored with the presence of President Heber J. Grant, and President B. H. Roberts of the mission. Timely and inspiring instructions were given by



MISSIONARIES MASSACHUSETTS CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right, E. D. Jenkins, Marie D. Christensen, Eldon Wittwer, conference president Massachusetts; Heber J. Grant, president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; B. H. Roberts, president of the Eastern States mission; Dicie Brimhall, George E. Ellis. Center row: Aldo B. Stephens, M. V. Rigby, Carrol Wardsworth, Laac E. Jacobs, Fern Carlile, Aleen Madsen, Asael Farr, Hobart White, James E. Trowbridge. Back row: Clyde Barker, Thomas K. Bailey, Gordon Reese, Mrs. Madsen (visiting), LaGrand Richards, Delbert E. Cluff, Frank Tidwell, Harold E. Ellison.

them. "In the New England states, and especially in eastern Massachusetts, the elders have met with much indifference and considerable opposition in presenting the gospel, but we are being blessed of the Lord, and progress is being made in the work. We hold many open-air meetings, and large crowds of people stop to hear our missionaries in their delivery of the message of the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ. President Eldon Wittwer of the Massachusetts conference was recently invited to address the 'New Thought Forum

Association' of Boston on the subject 'Mormonism as a Philosophy of Life.' Two hundred people were present at the meeting. Much interest was shown in the subject. Several hundred tracts and pamphlets were distributed at the close of the meeting, and there seemed to be a desire to get literature to read more concerning the Latter-day Saints. During the past month we have had nine baptisms in the Massachusetts conference. From many earnest investigators we hope to see fruits of our labors in the near future. We express appreciation to the *Improvement Era* for many helpful thoughts and suggestions obtained in reading its pages."—Eldon Wittwer, president Massachusetts conference.

Fifteen Baptized in Jonkoping, Sweden

This branch was reorganized on the 4th of July, 1924. The branch had been closed ten years prior to that time due to the War. As time rolled on, we finally succeeded in obtaining a meeting house which was ready for use in November of that year. In that time the Lord has helped us mightily, for in the space of 18 months we have had fifteen souls added to the Church.

Fifty per cent of the people who attend our meetings are investigators, and many there are who speak the truth. Our public meetings, Sunday School meetings, and Relief Society meetings have been hours of joy for all who have participated. The blessings of the Lord have been revealed many times since the branch was opened for the welfare of the saints and missionaries who have labored there.



Missionaries are as follow, in the second row from the bottom: Left to right, George A. Hazelgren; Branch President Darcy U. Wright, Murray, Utah; Albert M. Larson, Long Beach, California. With one accord we proclaim the *Era* a source of "light and joy," and with anxiety look forward for new numbers to come.—Darcy U. Wright, Branch President.

A Hall Obtained for the First Time in Four Years

O. H. Pratt, president of the Nottingham conference, writes under date of June 19th, giving an account of the Semi-Annual Conference held on the

13th of June, at Nottingham, England. "The first time in four years, the Latter-day Saints were enabled to secure a hall in Nottingham for their conference. President James E. Talmage, and his wife, who heads the Relief Society and auxiliary organizations in the British Mission, Elders Z. Vernon Derrick and James K. Knudson from Mission headquarters at Liverpool, and ten missionaries of the Church laboring in the Nottingham district with their leader, Elder Orson H. Pratt, were in attendance. The spirit of the Lord was strongly manifest. The work is progressing in this conference. Many homes have been opened to the elders. People are receiving them with joy and happiness. Sincere investigation has been shown by many during the last year, and 1926 will be a prosperous year for the growth of the Latter-day Saints in the Nottingham conference. The elders have been assigned to new districts in which they are to tract, and then they will move steadily on into untraced country. We are regular readers of the *Improvement Era*, and look forward to its arrival as we do our mail from home. We appreciate its good instruction, and wish it continued success."



MISSIONARIES NOTTINGHAM CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right, James K. Knudson, Liverpool Office, Brigham City, Utah; Orson H. Pratt, conference president, Preston, Idaho; James E. Talmage, mission president; May Booth Talmage, Relief Society president of the European missions; Z. Vernon Derrick, Liverpool Office, Salt Lake City, Utah; Eric Snow, conference clerk, St. George, Utah. Back row, Dean A. Barker, Panguitch, Utah; Wallace D. Yardley, Beaver, Utah; George S. Wright, Idaho Falls, Idaho; John H. Wilson, Salt Lake City; George F. Deem, Ogden, Utah; Clifford D. Gough, Raymond, Alberta, Canada; William H. Johnson, Ogden, Utah; Jethro M. Palmer, Cedar City, Utah.

Vienna Professor Praises "Mormons"

Elder D. R. Skidmore, president of the Vienna conference, reports that on May 9, 1926, Dr. Victor Silbermark of the Vienna Urania University gave a lecture on his travels through North America, in the course of which he told about the "Mormons." His remarks were entirely favorable to the Latter-day Saints. He praised both the leaders and the people; and pointed out how industrious the pioneers were to turn a desert into a land "flowing with milk and honey." Conference was held on May 30, in the city of

Vienna, with Mission President Fred Tadge and many visiting elders in attendance. Two interesting features of the conference were the presentation of a playlet, entitled "The Fulness of the Gospel," and violin selections by Fred Schade of Salt Lake City, a boy of fifteen, who is studying music in Vienna. "Six baptisms were performed recently," reports Elder Skidmore, "and we note a marked increase in the number of investigators, and feel that we are making appreciable progress in the work. We appreciate the *Improvement Era* very much and look forward to its arrival each month with keen anticipation. It carries so many helpful and interesting articles. May we extend our best wishes through the *Era* to all the missionaries in other fields."



ELDERS ATTENDING CONFERENCE AT VIENNA

Standing, left to right: Glenn R. Dorius, president Cologne conference, released; Ralph W. Ford, president Linz branch; M. Douglas Wood, mission secretary; J. Lafayette Rhead, Linz; Stewart Campbell, president Dresden conference; Milton Leishman, president Breslau conference; Campbell M. Brown, Jr., Frankfurt, released; D. R. Skidmore, incoming president Vienna conference; Fred L. Crandell, Cologne, released. Sitting: Ernest D. Schettler, assistant mission secretary; W. T. Hasler, president Chemnitz conference (formerly Vienna); Harold Tadge; Mission President Fred Tadge; Thomas Biesinger, who is on his fourth mission in Vienna, at the age of eighty-one.

A Drive in Tracting

Recently the Swiss-German mission undertook a drive for more tracting. The missionaries responded readily and made a real record in this work. For the month of May, the average per missionary for the entire mission, including conference presidents and clerks, was fifty-one hours of tracting.—*Constance Cannon*, Basel, Switzerland.

Many Strangers Visit Meetings in Bergen

Elder John A. Dalsbo, conference president of Bergen, Norway, reports that the elders have been able to do much good in that district. Many

strangers have visited their meetings; some who have never before heard the gospel, as presented by the Latter-day Saints, have attended. "We receive the *Era* regularly and get much information out of it that is of great help to us in our work."



ELDERS OF THE BERGEN CONFERENCE, NORWAY

Left to right: E. B. Halvorsen; H. Helgesen, local; John A. Dalsbo, conference president, La Grande, Oregon; O. H. Vogeler; W. Bjorndal, local; Eliás J. Ellifsgn, Salt Lake City, president Bergen branch.

Today

'Tis a coward who broods over things that are past,
Over hopes that are shattered by life's stormy blast,
And heart's roses that lie withered and dead,
Leaving life to seem dreary, the future to dread.

But no present is bound by the days that are gone,
All unfettered you rise to meet each rosy dawn.
And you see the grand heavens still shining above,
Giving peace and assurance of God and his love.

All life's failures are ladders, to those who will climb
Up to heights oft unthought of in youth's sunny time;
For desires are born when defeat looms in sight,
And with faith, hope and courage you'll win in the fight.

In the strength of your manhood and valor, arise
With a step that is firm and a will that defies;
Keep your eye on the goal, and still patiently trust,
Then no ill can betide you, for conquer you must.

Raymond, Canada.

HELEN KIMBALL ORGILL.

ESSAYS

BY JOSEPH JENKINS

Too few of us enjoy the rich fields of life as expressed in the field of the essay. Too often are we prone to think that we are well trained in literature when we have a smattering of Shakespeare and Scott and a little of Kipling and Zane Gray. In this paper I shall set forth some of the values of essays and some of the reasons why more people should read to enjoy the rich fields found in our modern essay.

There are fundamentals of life that appeal. There is a morn of interest. Common things—which are usually the ‘greatest—are of interest to all people. Such things as food, homes, customs, and recreations and traditions are of interest. People are, however, sometimes blind to the real essence of interest found in the common things of life till some man or woman, in a pleasing style, sets them forth in the realm of essay.

Our mountains, our old landmarks, our traditions were not beautiful to us till some artist either in picture, music, or essay revealed their beauties. We have lived near “Old Timp” mountain of “A thousand million rainbows petrified in stone;” we have looked blindly upon our wonderful “Southland” without seeing its grandeur; we have gone on in our wealth of common things, not seeing them; all these we have not seen till some artist in essay or song discovered for us our heritage.

To appreciate the value of the essay in our training it will be necessary to give a brief history of it. Edmund Gosse in his article on the essay found in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* gives the following definition; “As a form of literature the essay is a composition of moderate length, usually in prose, which deals in an easy, cursory way with the external conditions of a subject, and, in strictness, with that subject only as it affects the writer.” There should be added to the above definition naturalness and ease in style and also the personality of the author.

The essayist deals with his subject primarily as it affects him, so he permits the reader to look at the subject through the author’s temperament and personality. Personality is and has been the chief characteristic of the essay.

Montaigne (1533-92), a retired lawyer, became interested in writing about himself, about affairs, about opinions, and about current topics. He is usually referred to as the father of the modern prose essay. In the hands of Montaigne, the essay became a well-defined literary organ of personality. He wrote of himself and of his own affairs in an easy, colloquial style. His real merit was that he said as a writer what he felt as a man. He showed courage, which

is the effect of conscious strength, so he was led to write because of the wealth of his observations. His psychology was interesting. He wrote not to make converts of people, but to satisfy his own mind of truth of things. In reading his essays we are struck with his personality; we seem to hear him talk, see him smile, and we catch the twinkle in his eye. Montaigne gave us personality and an easy, natural style for which we have a natural liking.

Bacon, in 1597, gave to the world some essays. In tone they were like moral treatises of his time. Their chief characteristics were brevity and conciseness. He never secured the charm and ease of Montaigne.

During the 17th century we have Cowley who most nearly approached the style of Montaigne because of the personal note and admirable style found in his essays. The essayists of this period had their chief interest centered in moral and ethical subjects which were treated from the standpoint of the individual.

The essay of the 18th century differed from that of the 17th century and from the earlier types. There was a change in theme and a change in the attitude of the essayist. The chief interests were politics, society, social institutions, and manners and customs. The essays of Steele and Addison, periodical in issue, ushered in a new departure from the classics and earlier models. The essay of this century was an analysis and a criticism of contemporary political and social life. By means of the essay, Steele, Addison, Chesterfield, Johnson, and Goldsmith sought to educate the public by popularizing morality and knowledge.

The essay of the 19th century gave another change in nature and character. The essay of the 17th century was personal, moral, and reflective; that of the 18th century was social and critical; that of the 19th century included both the two previous types with a greater range and variety of subjects, greater length, and a greater literary finish. The essays of the 19th century were more direct in thought and style; were more personal and "pleasingly egotistical." The psychology back of these changes was the attitudes and interests caused by the growth of individualism.

The above brief bit of historical background of the development of the essay gives us its growth and its nature.

Today we have essays which deal with a large variety of observations. The subjects of the essay are taken from the fields of biography, history, personal life, travel, nature, art, and criticism. The purposes of the essays may be to teach moral or religious truths, to entertain, or to inform the mind. The essay may be humorous, about trivial things, or it may be expression of deep thoughts from the soul. We have essays historical, biographical, personal, imaginative, narrative, didactic, critical, reflective, philosophical, and religious. The essay covers many fields of life, has interesting purposes and does represent many types of life activities.

My reason for giving briefly the history of the essay, its scope, and its purposes, is to widen the range of understanding. Men are good; they may have good characters even though they may live a narrow life, but if we mix "genuine goodness" and obstinacy with ignorance we have a combination dangerous to society. Goodness of character is wholesome when based upon knowledge and activities of life. The essay is one of the means through which different kinds of life are seen and appreciated.

The thoughtful, leisurely readers who are willing to take time to think and to live, enjoy the modern essay. It may be thought of as an interesting bit of cloth from the goods of life delicately woven upon a unit idea. The pattern used depends upon the author. He constructs his own. It may be a bit of soliloquy as if some friend were speaking to us aloud the whimsical thoughts that come into his mind while resting and enjoying life on his porch of a Summer's evening when the moon is half hidden by a cloud; or an evening in Winter before an open fireplace he abandons himself to the pleasure of satisfying reverie. The reader of such thoughts is caused to think and his thinking is in the realm of the natural and the personal. The essayist's chief gift is an eye to observe and discover suggestiveness in common things. In these common things his mind will wander over realities of life; fortune, morality, death, and life.

To the essay writer the world is as the mulberry tree is to the silk worm: he has no end of subject-matter. And to the reader these essays—what wealth of pleasant imaginings, of vicarious livings, of life lived over again. Who, that have lived in a small town, can read "The Saturday Night Bath," one of the *Atlantic* essays, but who will live over in memory the happy days of youth. Will not a chuckle rise when thoughts go back to the time when thirteen children and daddy and mother had to bathe on Saturday night, and each had to take his turn in filling the reservoir on the old range? Is it not true that the psychology of man's character is the sum total of his "S. R." situation-response bonds?

Essays provide pleasant situations; provide memories of life now and of days passed; provide suggestiveness of common things and give pleasant and worthy opportunities for vicarious living. The wealth of materials is so vast that profitable situations can be had which will provoke responses worthwhile. The essay will provide in our training for pleasant and profitable evenings, stimulating reveries, vicarious livings, entertainment, and thoughts that may cause the reshaping of one's life.

Morality does not take its rise only in knowledge. Life is not shaped by reason alone. Instincts and habits, envy, prejudice, and laziness play an important part. To trust behavior to instinct only is to rely upon an unsafe guide. Experiences become fruitful only when their meaning is understood. Character involves incessant

growth. Essays help to interpret the experiences of others in such a way that the reader may be stimulated to undertake still more fruitful things.

Essays may deal with human conduct, with a beauty which heightens whatever truth may be conveyed. They may clarify moral understanding and touch the feeling. Through the essay men see a bigger world and a more useful world. Their imagery is broadened in range, a useful means to emancipate men from too excessive, thoughtless concern of self alone which is the cause of many moral failures.

Essays touch sympathies. People can learn through the historical essay to be "self-reliant with Ulysses, loyal with Faithful John, chivalrous with Gareth, and forgiving with Joseph." Literature in the form of essay attempts to offer, in a setting and tone of beauty and interest, an interpretation of life. The common things become beautiful when we re-live them through the essay. Personalities shine forth through the essay; the interests of youth and of old age are painted in colors of beauty; life again is re-lived and the imagination is bathed in reverie.

Essays written by other peoples than our own and read by us will develop more toleration. Essays help to overcome provincialism. They reveal personalities. Sharp in his *Character Education* says, "Personalities that habitually exhibit strength and devotion to duty, arouse admiration and strengthen and often clarify the love of excellence, and so doing awakens or strengthens the desire to act in like manner."

Essays take us into our own world through an interesting style. The essayists choose and portray the most interesting types of observations and life activities. They exhibit laws of life with great clearness. Moral thoughtfulness can be developed only by training students to study human life. The essay is one form of study of human life, and is an effective means of stimulating moral thoughtfulness. Emerson says, "Go with mean people and you think life mean." One cannot go with nobility of personality as expressed in essay and think life degraded. In the quiet of one's room one can read essays which give or stir thoughts of sympathy, not so much for qualities of "aggressiveness, progressiveness, or dynamic for we have that in abundance," but for thoughts of sympathy for the qualities of poise, balance, peace, steadfastness, stability and the capacities of love for the common, the every-day, the beautiful, and the new.

Essays not only help us to live life vicariously, but they help to enrich our own experiences. Living over past experiences is not the finished good of any literature. This life is going on now, and essays will make it happier and more enjoyable by revealing to us the beauties of this world here and now.

Ephraim, Utah

Hymn in Honor of the Prophet Joseph Smith

Of pristine royal birth,
In heaven's hosts on high;
Ordained to come to earth;
Empowered to prophesy;
Endowed he was with light and truth,
Taught by the Spirit in his youth,
(Through all the former gifts it bore)
The gospel to restore!

Through heaven's power controlled
He asked what he should do:
The heavens, as of old,
Re-opened to his view:
He saw the Father and the Son;
The keys of revelation won,—
Re-voiced through God from courts above,
And by the Savior's love!

To him God's angels brought
The keys of truth desired;
And revelation taught
Celestial laws inspired:
Beloved of heaven, Prophet-Seer,
He made the law of heaven clear,
(The fulness of the Gospel-Plan)
Revealed from God to Man!

Forever hold most dear
The faith that he commends;
His name let us revere
As one that God befriends!
Now, where celestial courts approve,
He triumphs through the power of love;
And all the earth shall yet esteem
The Seer! the Seer supreme!

Los Angeles, Calif.

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.

Editors' Table

Gambling

It has been decided by the Supreme Court of Utah that the Redd law, known as the "Pari-Mutuel Horse Racing Enactment," is constitutional. Betting on horse races in the State of Utah, therefore, practically has been made legal, and the odium attaching to the State from this condition can only be removed by arousing the public conscience, to such an extent, this Fall, that legislators shall be elected who are sure to repeal the law, so that the State of Utah may come, thereby, to its moral own.

Under date of September 21, 1925, the First Presidency of the Church published the attitude of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the subject, as follows:

The question has been asked: What is the attitude of the Church in regard to this innovation [The Pari-Mutuel system of betting], which has been introduced into our community since the enactment of the law to which reference is made?

The answer is as follows: The Church has been and now is unalterably opposed to gambling in any form whatever. It is opposed to any game of chance, occupation, or so-called business, which takes money from the person who may be possessed of it without giving value received in return. It is opposed to all practices the tendency of which is to encourage the spirit of reckless speculation, and particularly to that which tends to degrade or weaken the high moral standard which the members of the Church, and our community at large, have always maintained.

We therefore advise and urge all members of the Church to refrain from participation in any activity which is contrary to the view herein set forth.

This should be sufficient answer to the question asked.

HEBER J. GRANT,
A. W. IVINS,
CHARLES W. NIBLEY,

First Presidency.

There is no doubt that great evil is connected with gambling. England just now is proposing to tax and legalize gambling at the tracks, in which, as is well known, king, nobleman and commoner, take part in that country. Gambling on horses has been an accepted custom there with little outcry against it until now, when it is proposed to legalize gambling at the tracks. Now a vigorous protest has been raised against such action. *The Methodist Christian Advocate*, as quoted in the *Literary Digest* recently, encouraged the forward steps taken in forming public opinion to loose the strangle-hold which gambling has had over enormous sections of the population of England. The discussion has brought out the fact that legal betting in England amounts to \$850,000,000 a year, and it is estimated that the national output is

reduced by this evil by nearly 20% a year. But this is not the greatest evil. One of the English ministers has estimated that at least one hundred thousand cases of thefts, bankruptcy and suicide are directly attributable to this vice. He stated that the church, if its voice is to be more than a sounding brass, must cease to use raffles, lotteries and guessing competitions. Charitable institutions must clear their skirts in the same way. Furthermore, condemning the evil is not all that the church can do, and must do. In a recent editorial, *The Methodist Times*, states, in substance, that the church must diagnose the disease and seek to provide better housing conditions for the people, more adequate education, and above all, "the closer power of a new affection."

The betting evil has never become the terrific blight in the United States that it has in England, and the present struggle now going on in England ought to serve as a warning to constant vigilance in this country against its growth.

In a recent interview, published in the *Deseret News*, City Attorney W. H. Folland ventured the opinion that "every avenue of crime had been increased in Utah by the race-track gambling," foisted upon the State by reason of the action of the late Pari-Mutuel Legislature. He further believes that race-track gambling in Salt Lake City has increased the difficulty of the enforcement officials many times over what it was before this law was passed; and, further, that the enforcement of the anti-gambling laws is made much more difficult when the State is a partner in the business and receives a profit.

Our only remedy now lies in the serious objection of the general public of the State to the betting law. This can be expressed in the Fall election by electing representatives and senators from the various districts of the State to the next legislature, convening in January, 1927, who can be depended upon to repeal the law. The public conscience should be aroused to that end. The State should be placed in its proper position, by sweeping off the black moral spots unfortunately placed upon it by its own formerly elected representatives.

Again, this result will not depend so much upon any group action as it will depend upon the individual voter. We ask, in all earnestness, that each voter propound these questions to himself: What have I done? What am I doing? What is my vision of the future concerning this evil? The voting population hold the power; it is their duty to make it work in righteousness, so that it shall not only be potential, but "something doing," and that "doing" result in moral uplift and advantage to the whole community by a speedy repeal of this vicious law.—A.

Individuality Counts in Repeating the Slogan

Anyone acquainted with the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints must admit that they are growing in size and power. Also it must be admitted that the membership of our organization is a distinct type of individuals,

different from those who belong to nothing, and hence, in too many cases, do nothing.

However, it must be remembered that organization size and power are not all that is required. Group size and power cannot take the place of individual effort in a cause. Our associations have wonderful slogans, directing to fundamentals in character and religion, to useful and righteous living. These slogans are and have been repeated in groups, but some have doubted that the sentiments expressed have come from the hearts of the individuals themselves, or have had much effect upon them. Group expression is sometimes due to organization influence. It represents little, in that case, more than the opinion of one. The thought we wish to impress is that the slogan should express the heart-felt opinion of each one, as unitedly echoed in the group, so that when we say, "We stand for a testimony of the divine mission of Joseph Smith," every individual repeating the sentence should be convinced in his soul of the sentiment uttered. In this way the result will be multiplied infinitely. Our organization leads, suggests, directs, and devises means and methods for faith, advancement and progress; but only if the individuals feel and follow, will its power become immeasurable or even enhanced.

Having and expressing the truth is not all; it requires individual *feeling* and *doing*. We have a membership of about fifty thousand young men and as many young ladies. But if our slogan becomes a group expression only, its use will mean little, physically, intellectually or spiritually. Whether in many or few, man or woman, learning is valueless, unless put into action, set free, released. In that case, it becomes not only power, but "something doing." Growing in number without increasing individually will not benefit us in the end. Without putting our power in motion, we are likely to go the way of all overgrown things that do not use their muscles. Bulk and power not in action only stand in the way. Not what we are and know, but what we act and do, will decide our fate, and will be the standard by which we will be measured.

In the lessons of our manuals and in the slogans adopted, we have indicated great objects to be attained by our organizations, outstanding common aims, designs and aspirations to be reached and perfected, to be carried through to successful ends. However, group-organization size, grace and power alone will not count in reaching these objectives. There must be also individual effort and support. If the M. I. A. shall become one of the greatest powers of the earth for righteousness, it must depend upon the fine, individual action of the membership.

Let us, therefore, individually be up and doing, make the slogans our own; the valuable lessons found in our manuals, a part of us; the truths taught in our classes, a part of our beings and lives. If we go forward, if we have righteous aims ahead of us, and seek constantly to attain those ends, we can not be stopped. Let us avoid becoming mere group vessels of knowledge and power, but by added

vigorous, individual action cause the good works of the past to be multiplied in us a thousand-fold.—A.

Books

The women of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have wonderfully aided in the establishment of God's marvelous work and a wonder in the latter days. Sometimes their labors are not publicly recognized as much as they should be. This is the case, not only concerning the leading women of the Church, but concerning the splendid unknown heroines, who, in the pioneer struggle, not only stood as pillars of the Church, but, in connection with it, suffered and toiled as mothers and comforters of the race. Such heroines are very numerous in every settlement of the Church. They are not only neglected in history, but their splendid lives are both unrecorded and unsung. They frequently deserve more notice than those whose names are constantly before the communities in speech and print. A recent pamphlet, entitled *Women of the "Mormon" Church*, by Susa Young Gates and Leah D. Widtsoe, has been published. It answers the questions as to whether the "Mormon" women have free agency—Are they really American-voting citizens? Have they any share in Church activities? Are they educated or illiterate? How does the modern sex-conflict affect them? Are they individualistic, or are they a group of women without individuality? Are they loyal and patriotic? The pamphlet answers these questions in no uncertain tone, and the answers are inspiring and does great credit to the "Mormon" women. *The Women of the "Mormon" Church*, a brochure of 36 pages, is well worth the reading and is very valuable in the hands of a missionary.

Joys Beyond

Hast not thy heart within thee burned,
 At evening's calm and peaceful hour?
 Hast not thy inmost soul discerned
 The presence of God's holy power?

It was the Lord who spoke to thee,
 Who whispered to thy soul within.
 And told thee, If thou wilt be free,
 Thou must abandon all thy sin.

When I enjoy Christ's peace and care,
 What comfort to my soul it brings,
 I then can raise my heart in prayer,
 And rise above all earthly things.

My daily wants is all I crave,
 I soon shall leave them all behind,
 My soul can see beyond the grave
 Joys that will startle all mankind.

JAMES HAYTON.

Priesthood Quorums

New Stake Presidency

The Wayne stake presidency was reorganized, August 8, 1926, during the conference at Loa, Elder Richard R. Lyman of the Council of Twelve being present. President William H. Gallahan, who is about to move to Provo, was released, with thanks, and Wm. F. Webster, of Loa, his first counselor, was appointed to succeed him, with George W. Okerlund and George F. Eckersley as counselors.

An Annual Outing

An annual event for the Aaronic Priesthood of the Twentieth ward, Ensign stake, is a trip to Brighton. This year the trip was made over Pioneer Day. Thirty boys and young men, under the direction of Louis R. Wells and David R. Watts, counselors in the bishopric, spent three delightful days at the head of Big Cottonwood canyon. This is the fifth consecutive year for that outing and it promises to be a permanent affair.

Supervision in Grant Stake

The Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee of the Grant stake is energetically engaged in supervising the activities of the members of that Priesthood. The report for the past six months shows that all of the fourteen wards are following the instructions relative to the enrollment and activity of all members of this Priesthood and that twenty visits have been made by the Stake Committee members to the various wards.

Granite Leads in Highest Average Attendance

The highest average attendance shown by any stake of the Aaronic priesthood at class meetings during the first six months of the year is that of the Granite stake, which shows an average attendance for that period of 43%. The next in point of attendance is Alberta stake with 37% of the Aaronic priesthood in attendance, followed by the Grant stake with 34%, and the Ogden stake with 33%. In practically all of these stakes active stake and ward supervision is being followed throughout, which would indicate the success attendant upon thorough, enthusiastic supervision.

Visits in Active Supervision

Among the stakes that are actively supervising this important work are the Cache stake with 150 visits of the stake Committee to the various wards, the Deseret stake with 25 visits, and Fremont stake with 20 visits, the Granite stake with 24 visits, the Grant stake with 20 visits, the Liberty stake with 18 visits, the Nebo stake with 27 visits, the North Weber stake with 31 visits, the Ogden stake with 26 visits, the Oneida stake with 20 visits, the Pioneer stake with 18 visits, the St. George stake with 20 visits, the St. Joseph stake with 18 visits, the South Davis stake with 29 visits, and the Weber stake with 93 visits. In most of these stakes the wards are organized in accordance with the standards proposed.

Why We Are Not Understood

During the past few years I have had occasion to meet a considerable number of people and quite frequently the topic, "Why has the 'Mormon' people been so illy understood?" took the center of the stage in our "Round Table Discussions."

There is but one answer, *Ignorance*, which breaks into prejudice, and intolerance. These three are triplets, the latter two dependent on ignorance for their existence in the order named. The Spaniards, in centuries past, ignorant of the ideals of the English, persecuted and subjected them to "the thumb-screw and the stake," culminating in the "Spanish Armada." For the same reason the English harrassed their own kin-folk, the Pilgrim Fathers, which terminated in the Declaration of American Independence. The recent World War was the crucial test of these triplets, removing the last great barrier between ourselves and the millennium, thereby opening the door for a Court of World Problems. Not long ago I heard a neighbor berating another neighbor very maliciously. The berator was ignorant of the attitude of the person whom he had erst-while condemned. Today they are bosom friends. I am acquainted with a young woman who, less than a year ago, very dexterously criticised a certain young man who was endeavoring to pay her his attentions. Today they are man and wife. The most flagrant demonstration of ignorance was when the Master, whom but few understood, was nailed on Calvary. Why? Because his crucifiers were ignorant of his purpose in life and the ideals he stood for. Hence, their prejudice and intolerance brought him to the cross.

Knowledge, eliminates ignorance, banishes prejudice, imprisons intolerance, and courts the brotherhood of man. Today the true status of the "Mormon" people, their purpose and ideals in life, has taken root, and the tree, just as Christianity did, is casting its shadow of peace and love in every civilized land where knowledge is crystalizing the scales of ignorance, causing them to fall as the mists vanish when an Arizona sun takes the center of the stage.—*Don. P. Skousen, Phoenix, Arizona.*

Sing the L. D. S. Hymns With Spirit

BY CHARLES KENT

Let the voices of the young and old once more be heard, in the wards and branches of the Church, to train our children to take part in divine service, in order that they might become familiar with the chief elements of Latter-day Saint worship. Let us be satisfied with our own. Let us sing the hymns of the Latter-day Saints with spirit. May these services help to kindle the spirit of devotion and prayerfulness in many a heart and home. It is eminently proper that hymn books intended for Latter-day Saint worship should be Latter-day Saint in character.

In these years the moulding of character, the development of high ideals, and the forming of good taste and artistic discrimination, are of great importance. Encouragement, rather than criticism, is needed; inspired leadership, rather than critical authority.

A beautiful voice is the most appealing, compelling thing in all human experience. To have such a voice is a normal and legitimate ambition; but something more than ambition is necessary to such an achievement. Talent is only a mental trend in a certain direction, a liking for a certain thing, but it by no means relieves one of the responsibility and joy of hard work. Music is largely mental. That which we put into our brains in the way of knowledge is translated into actual technique; but we never obtain musical prestige from the manner in which we use our knowledge. Singing

is as spontaneous as prayer, and songs are mostly prayers. Music expresses love; and if love, either for our Creator or fellow mortals, goes out of the heart, the gift of song departs.

Every man should render some service to the world in return for what it gives him. Whatever the service is, it should contribute in a measure to the joy of living. The singing of sweet hymns and tunes will go further to cast the devil out of men's minds than any other exorcism which I know of.

For the singer there is very little difficulty in putting his soul in his instrument, because his instrument is his voice, and his voice is the instrument of the soul. Why is it that we so much prefer a clear, mellow voice to a hoarse, cracked one? Now this pleasure which clear, mellow, rich tones give our sense of hearing is the first and the simplest appeal that music can make to us. Music is one of the factors that can help to give the soul such vision of its destiny.

Rock Springs, Wyoming.

New Lyman Stake Organized

Lyman stake, in Wyoming, was organized out of the old Woodruff stake in July, 1926. H. Melvin Rollins, Lyman, Wyoming, was chosen president, with John C. Walker, first, and James E. Eyre, second counselors. The wards and bishops comprising Lyman stake, formerly a part of Woodruff stake, follow:

<i>Ward</i>	<i>Name</i>	<i>Address</i>
Lyman	Not Received	Rock Springs, Wyoming
Rock Springs	John Young	Green River, Wyoming
Green River	Albert Manwaring	Superior, Wyoming
Superior	Laurance E. Harris	Reliance, Wyoming
Reliance	Joseph F. Kilburn	Millborne, Wyoming
Millborne	William A. Stringer	Mt. View, Wyoming
Mt. View	Bryant Fields	Burnt Fork, Wyoming
McKinnon	Joseph A. Terry	Manila, Utah
Manila Branch	Andrew J. B. Stewart (Acting)	

The following wards and bishops remain in the Woodruff stake:

Cumberland	George F. Wilde	Cumberland, Wyoming
Diamondville	Wm. J. Jensen	Diamondville, Wyoming
Evanston	Harold E. Brough	Evanston, Wyoming
Kemmerer	John McPhie	Kemmerer, Wyoming
Randolph	Oluf Larson	Randolph, Utah
Woodruff	Thomas J. Ringey	Woodruff, Utah
Almy Branch	Jared Bowns	Almy, Wyoming
Hilliard	Joseph M. Martin (On mission)	Knight, Wyoming
	William P. Lester	(Acting Bishop)

Memories

Memories of yesterday, happy and gay,
 Bend low before me, then fade away,
 And their footsteps are filled with the faith and the hope
 That tomorrow will bring us new joys unknown.
 That our lives may be full, sincere and true
 To our God and fellowmen, be they many or few.

Springville, Utah.

CAROL BIRD.

Mutual Work

One-Day Conventions

One-day conventions of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. will be held on the following dates in the stakes named:

Aug. 28 and 29—Box Elder, Tooele, Cottonwood, Jordan.

September 11 and 12—Cache, Logan, Salt Lake.

September 18 and 19—Ogden, Mt. Ogden, Weber, North Weber.

September 25 and 26—South Davis, Utah, North Davis.

October 9 and 10—Alpine, Kolob, Nebo, Palmyra, Ensign, Liberty, Pioneer, Grant, Granite, Oquirrh.

These conventions will not be held in conjunction with the quarterly conferences. Stakes meeting on the same date may hold joint group conventions if desired. If joint conventions are held, please notify the General Office.

The opening session will be held on Saturday evening, a special program being provided by the General Board for this event, under the direction of the M. I. A. stake committee on recreation. Consult with the stake presidency in regard to the date of the convention, and make announcements in all public gatherings and in the local press. Provide music for the respective sessions. Plan to obtain 100% attendance. Every association in the stake should be completely organized and fully represented. All Sunday School officers are excused from Sunday School to attend the convention. The stake presidency, high councilmen and the ward bishoprics are especially invited to be present.

On Saturday, 7 to 8 p. m., a meeting of the M. I. A. stake and ward officers and stake and ward Priesthood authorities will be held, and the theme will be recreation. From 8 to 8:30, an informal visiting; and from 8:30 to 10:30, there will be an entertainment under the direction of the stake committee on recreation.

On Sunday, 9:30 to 10:30 a. m., separate stake board meetings will be held of the Y. M. and the Y. L. M. I. A. From 10:30 to 12 a. m., a joint meeting of the stake and ward officers will be held; and at 12 noon, a joint luncheon, if convenient, where sociability and friendship may be developed.

On Sunday, 2 to 3 p. m., a joint meeting of stake and ward officers will be held. How to make gospel teaching more effective, and the reading course and how to get it read will be considered.

From 3 to 4 p. m., separate meetings of stake and ward officers, at which the following program for the Y. M. M. I. A. will be carried out:

1. How I organize and put over the Y. M. M. I. A. program—a ward president, 10 minutes.
2. Our plans for the M Men—stake supervisor, 10 minutes.
3. The Advanced Junior Department, its place in the Y. M. M. I. A. program—General Board representative, 10 minutes.
4. How we propose to make every boy of the Junior Department an active Scout—stake commissioner, 10 minutes.
5. How we made our 100% record in *Era* and fund—a ward president.
6. General discussion and summary—led by General Board member.

On Sunday evening, from 7:30 to 9, a joint meeting to which the public is especially invited will be held, the program being the same as in the two-day convention, the theme being the slogan: "We stand for a testimony of the divine mission of Joseph Smith." This slogan should be nicely illuminated and placed where all the congregation can see. For complete program, see July *Era*.

Sunday Evening Convention Session

The Sunday evening session of the M. I. A. Stake Conventions should be an occasion of great spiritual uplift. It should be impressive with the sacred import of our new slogan. We hope that many young people will be present. The references in the Doctrine and Covenants to be memorized and given as number 4 on the program are in the hands of stake superintendents. The talks called for in number 6 and 7 should not be longer than the 7 minutes specified.

Fast Sunday Evening Joint Programs

THEME: THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH

Part II. Evidences of the Divinity of his Mission

I—A Restorer

(October)

"Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself:

"That in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth; even in him." Ephesians 1:9, 10.

Through Joseph Smith were restored:

1. The correct understanding of the personality of Deity, originally possessed by the ancients, but for long periods lost to men. (*History of the Church*, Vol. 1, p. 5.)
2. The power to act in the name of Deity—Ministrations of John the Baptist and of Peter, James and John. (*History of the Church*, Vol. 1, pp. 39-41, 175, 176; D. & C. 128:20.)
3. The original pattern of Church organization. (D. & C. 107.)
4. The power and authority to gather Israel from the nations of the earth—Ministrations of Moses. (D. & C. 10:65; 29:2; 110:11.)
5. The knowledge of redemption for the dead—Ministration of Elijah. (See *Outlines of Ecclesiastical History*, by Roberts, Part IV, Sections 1, 2, 5, 6, 7; *Articles of Faith* by Talmage; *Church History*, Vol. II, pp. 380, 435; D. & C. 2:1; 110:13-16; *Rational Theology*, Chap. 28.

II—An Organizer.

(November)

Through Joseph Smith were organized:

1. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. (D. & C. 20; *History of the Church*, Vol. 1, pp. 60-80; *Outlines of Ecclesiastical History*, by Roberts, Part IV, Sec. 2; *Essentials in Church History*, by Joseph Fielding Smith, p. 91.)
2. The Quorums of the Priesthood.
 - a. High Priests.
 - b. The First Presidency.

- c. The Patriarchal Priesthood. (*History of the Church*, Vol. II, p. 234.)
- d. The High Council.
- e. The Twelve Apostles.
- f. The Seventy.
(*History of the Church*, Vol. I, pp. 77-80; 287-289; *Essentials in Church History*, by Joseph Fielding Smith, pp. 126, 148, 168, 169, 180, 182; D. & C. 107.)
3. The Presiding Bishopric. (D. & C. 41:9; 42:10; 68:15-24; 107:15-17.)
4. The Stakes of Zion. (D. & C. 82:13, 14 and references; *History of the Church*, Vol. I, p. 335.)
5. The Relief Society. (*Essentials in Church History*, p. 645.)

III—A Translator

(December)

Through Joseph Smith Were Translated:

1. The Book of Mormon.
 - a. Received through divine agency.
(*History of the Church*, Vol. I, pp. 18-31; D. & C. 9.)
2. The Book of Abraham. (*Pearl of Great Price. History of the Church*, Vol. II, pp. 235-236. See Vol. I, pp. 98-101, for account of Book of Moses, first part of *Pearl of Great Price*.)

IV—A Revelator

(January)

"Where there is no vision the people perish." (Proverbs 29:18.)

"Surely the Lord God will do nothing but he revealeth his secrets unto his servants the prophets." (Amos 3:7; 1 Nephi 22:2.)

Important revelations given to the Church of Jesus Christ through the Prophet Joseph Smith:

1. Call to Missionary Service. (D. & C. 4.)
2. Duties of Parents to Children. (D. & C. 68:25-28.)
3. The Word of Wisdom. (D. & C. 89.)
4. Tithing. (D. & C. 119.)
5. A Vision of the Glories. (D. & C. 76.)
6. The Everlasting Marriage Covenant. (D. & C. 132.)

(One or two of these revelations or any others desired may be selected for the meeting.)

Note: For an account of the compilation of the *Doctrine and Covenants*, see *History of Church*, Vol. II, chapter 18.

Why Mormonism?

Studies for Associations Meeting Weekly During June, July,
August and September

Three Lessons for September

X—Because of Its Provision for Recreation

1. The early leaders of the Church recognized the need for recreation.
2. Pioneer standards.
Simplicity, moderation, modesty, spiritual atmosphere.
Incidents of the plains.
3. Present objectives in recreation. (Page 8, Official Recreation Guide, published by General Boards of M. I. A.)
Special Problem: How does recreation build Latter-day Saints?
Questions and contributions from the audience.

*XI—Because of Its Doctrine of Individual Salvation.**Doctrinal basis—*

1. Second Article of Faith: "We believe that a man will be punished for his own sins, and not for Adam's transgression."
2. "Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life it will rise with us in the resurrection." Doc. and Cov. 130:18.
3. Manifold opportunities are afforded by the Church of Jesus Christ for the development of intelligence and the exercise of individual gifts.

Special Problem: Show how "knowledge is power" as applied to the individual.

Questions and contributions from the audience.

XII—Because of Its Promised Destiny.

1. Its destiny foretold by the prophets.
 - (a) Prophecies fulfilled. Micah 4:1, 2; Isaiah 42:2, 3; Rev. 18:4; Eph. 1:10.
 - (b) Prophecies to be fulfilled. Isaiah 11; 60:12-22; Daniel 2:25-45.
2. Events incident to the final triumph of the Church of Christ.
 - (a) The gathering of Israel. (b) The redemption of the dead.
 - (c) The millennial reign. (d) The establishment of the Kingdom of God. (See "Articles of Faith," by Talmage, chapter 20.)

Special Problem: What present signs of the times indicate this destiny?

Questions and contributions from the audience.

What to Do in September

Work up interest in stake conventions still unheld.

What are you doing to get the Book of Mormon read? Credits will be given on the efficiency report.

This is the month for stake and ward officers to get together in their respective groups, in a semi-social, semi-business way, to discuss the coming season's work and to warm up for the Winter's program. The General Boards urge continuation of this custom. Officers get acquainted and arouse enthusiasm when they thus meet in such a friendly and informal manner.

A definite program should be planned, a part of which should be devoted to well-organized discussion of the season's work, and part to social affairs.

The executives should have a definite project in mind; the high points of the year's M. I. A. work should be pointed out. Especial attention should be given to the business pertaining to the opening of the season's work, and particularly to the checking on stake and ward organization. Arrangements for the October membership social should be made.

Department heads and class leaders should be given an opportunity to present their plans and their programs, so that all may be brought into a sympathetic appreciation of the stake and ward organization as a whole.

The social division of this meeting offers an excellent opportunity for the Committee on Recreation to present some of the recreation projects for the coming year, and to obtain some real experience in working out activities that they may desire to present later; so, also, with the Standards Committee, and the Committee on Organization. Material may be obtained from *Recreational Bulletin No. 5, Fathers and Sons' Outing.*

Summer Camp, and from *Recreation Organization and Leadership*, the official recreation guide which is a new edition of No. 5. See that the games, the songs, the dance-mixers, and the dramatizations shall take on the M. I. A. spirit and color. Extend invitations to the presidency of the stake to attend, and to the bishopric of the ward.

In short, this is the place, and the month, and the time, to get the M. I. A. machinery oiled up and put into operation for the regular Fall program.

An important part of the work is the checking of manuals, roll books, report blanks, the Reading Course, so far accomplished; in short, the stake board, ward officers, the department heads, and the class leaders should be selected and the complete distribution of responsibility made.

Make the evening social an educational and business success.

Note that the five manuals will be ready early in September as follows: For the Advanced Senior class year, choice between: *Heroes of Science and Rational Theology*. For the Senior Class: *The Young Man and Religion*. For the Junior class, *Stories of Courage and Devotion*; the Advanced Junior Class, *Religion a Vital Factor in Character Building*. The Y. M. M. I. A. has never offered a more interesting and attractive study than this year. See the colored insert in this issue of the *Era*.

A Short-Play Contest

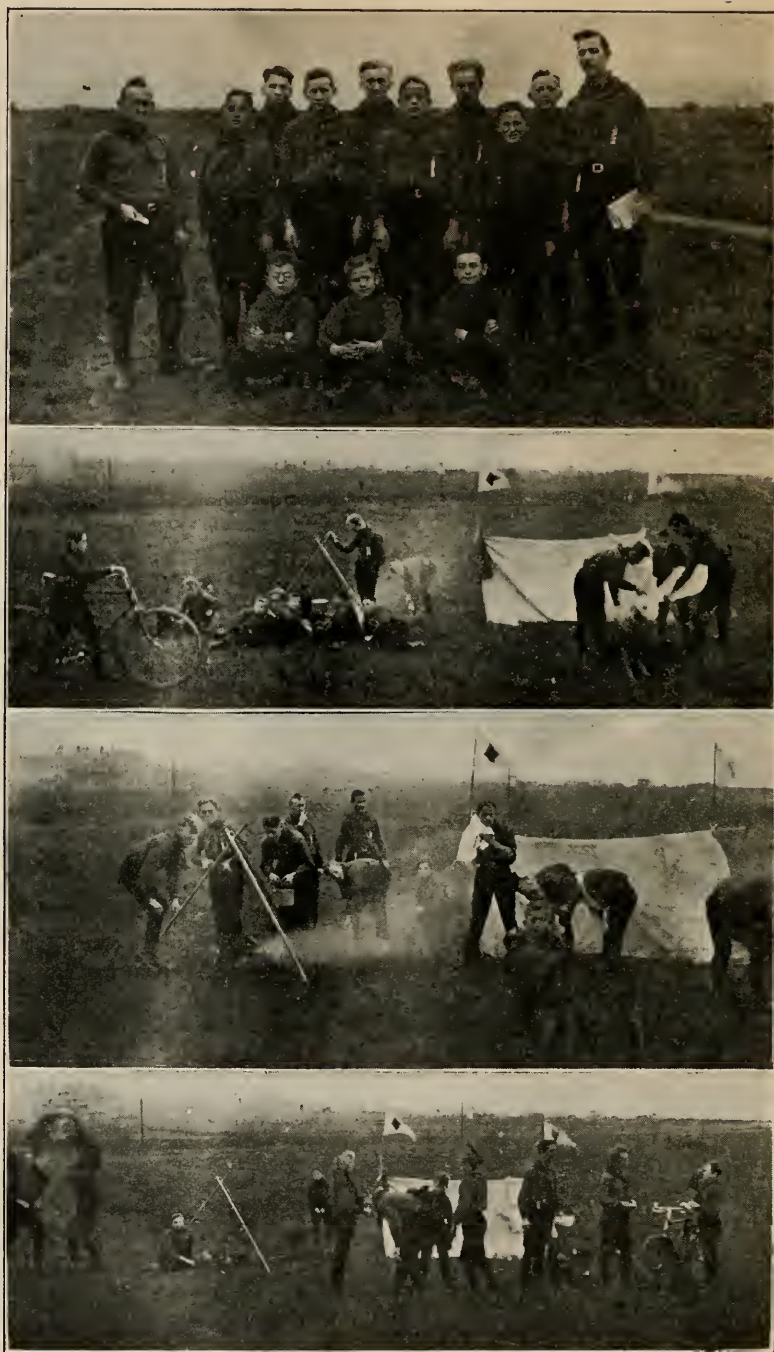
The judges on Short-Play Contest, for which the *Improvement Era* received some eighteen different plays, have reported on the one best suited for the purpose of the M. I. A., and the prize, \$35, is awarded to the author of the play, entitled *The Rescue*, written by Annie G. Palmer, 320 Wall Street, Salt Lake City. The play, entitled *It's Me* received favorable mention; also the following two plays, especially adapted to scouts; *Lift Up Thine Eyes Unto the Hills*; and *The Honor of a Scout*. We appreciate our correspondents' labor, made in this contest, and are encouraged by their splendid efforts. Thank you. Hope you will try again.

A Thriving Branch in Kelsey, Texas

The Y. M. M. I. A. annual report of the Kelsey, Texas, Y. M. M. I. A. shows a membership of officers and class leaders, eight; members enrolled, sixty-five; total number enrolled, seventy-three. The average attendance of members is sixty. There have been seven joint meetings on Sunday evenings. The officers are: President, Braxton Futrell; Paul Wade and Heber Jones, counselors; music director, Myrtle Jones; organist, Cornelia Hamberlin; scout masters, Taylor Smith, Johnnie Futrell, Heber Jones. The General Office hopes to get in closer touch with the Mutual Improvement Association of Texas and the Central States mission through monthly reports that are promised by the mission president. We wish our friends abundant success during the coming season, for which the Y. M. M. I. A. general officers has provided some splendid manuals of a religious character.

German Scouts

Members of the Pfadfinder (Boy Scouts) of Stettin. First group of uniformed scouts in Germany. We have about 40 scout organizations in the German-Austrian mission. Much interest is being created among our Church members. These snap shots give some idea of the scout work being done in Germany.—*Ernest D. Schettler*, German-Austrian mission. (See p. 1112 for photo.)



GERMAN SCOUT ORGANIZATIONS IN ACTION. (See page 1111.)

“Heroes of Science”

“Great men, taken up in any way, are profitable company. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him. He is, the living light-fountain which it is good and pleasant to be near. The light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world; and this not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary shining by the gift of heaven. * * * On any terms whatsoever, you will not grudge to wander in such neighborhood for a while.”—*Heroes and Hero Worship*, by Carlyle.

Heroes of Science. A Study for the Advanced Senior class, written by Dr. John A. Widsote, Dr. Franklin S. Harris and N. I. Butt, is a book dealing with great men who have conferred lasting benefit upon mankind. It is an obligation, to know from what darkness, at what cost, and to what glorious light these heroes have brought mankind. It will be of lasting value to become acquainted with them and to wander for awhile in their company. Among the galaxy of great ones here treated are Aristotle, Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Priestly, Lavoisier, Henry, Goodyear, Scheele. The writers concisely, clearly and with deep appreciation introduce these men to the reader and show how great is the debt of gratitude due them for their contributions.

The M. I. A. in the Central States Mission

President S. O. Bennion reports that during the next year detailed information concerning the activities of the Mutual Improvement Associations will be furnished monthly from that mission. Elder J. B. Summers has been appointed to look after the matter, and he will be out in the field supervising Mutual work in connection with the Sunday School labors. Down in the Jozye branch in Texas there were, during three months of the last season, more than one hundred young people in attendance at the M. I. A. These meetings were held jointly with the Young Ladies, on account of there being members and non-members who were investigating. We shall be pleased to receive the report from the Central States mission monthly, showing the efficiency and statistics of the M. I. A., and trust that other missions in the United States will follow their example, where we are not already getting this information.

A Wonderful Line-up of Fathers and Sons

A remarkable Fathers and Sons' outing of the Curlew stake was held on the east fork of Rock Creek, near Rockland, Idaho, about fifty miles from Snowville, June 25 and 26, 1926. The outing was a complete success. There are only about 1,242 members in the whole stake of ten wards, but at the outing about one-fifth of the entire population of the stake was present. “To be exact,” we are told by Superintendent D. G. Nelson, Jr., “we had fifty-two car and truck loads, and two hundred sixteen fathers and sons on the outing. We believe that a good deal of our success was due to the splendid support and cooperation received from the stake presidency and the bishoprics of the wards. This is our fourth successive outing put over in the Curlew stake. We all agree that a great deal of good has come out of it. There were nine fathers present with five to eight sons.” The pictures accompanying tell the story. One of them shows seven fathers, out of the nine, with their sons. It is a thrilling picture. (See next page for photograph.)



CURLEW STAKE FATHERS' AND SONS' OUTING

Top: Seven of the nine fathers in line with five or more sons.

Center: Twenty of our oldest fathers playing indoor baseball.

Bottom: Just after the flag ceremony, June 26.



LOS ANGELES THRIFT CHORUS. ATTENDANTS AT THE JUNE, M. I. A. CONFERENCE
(For names, see next page)

Los Angeles

LIST OF OFFICERS AND STAKE BOARD MEMBERS OF LOS ANGELES M. I. A., MEMBERS OF M. I. A. CHORUS AND CONTESTANTS, PRESENT AT JUNE CONFERENCE SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JUNE 11, 12, 13, 1926

Y. M. M. I. A.—Edwin M. LeBaron, 1st asst. supt.; Blaine Steed, secy.; Lyman Redd, senior supervisor; Basil Kerr, advance cen.; Wm. C. Salt, music director, Cecil Blackhurst, pres. M. assn.; Jack H. West, vice-pres. M. A. sn.

Y. L. M. I. A.—Veda Savage, president; Laura Hotaling, 1st counselor; Vivian Kerr, 2nd counselor; Josephine Stewart, secy.; Luella Rasmussen, sen. supervisor; Eliza Packard, Beehive Dept.; Rhea Preece, Beehive Dept.; Artel Funk, president Gleaner Girls; Rose Broderson, vice-pres. Gleaner Girls.

Contestants.—Male Quartette: 1. Edwin Rogers; 2. Grant M. Price; 3. Albert McCune; 4. Wallace Burton; Harold Anderson, director; Mrs. Harold Anderson, accompanist.

Ladies' Chorus: (Winners in Church Finals) 1. Frances Stevens; 2. Freeda Potts; 3. Zella Hance; 4. Nellie Tyler; 5. LaRue Garrison; 6. Hazel Carmen Garrison; 7. Elvera Olsen; 8. Marie Youkstetter; 9. Doris Youkstetter; 10. Edna Sant; 11. Venice West; 12. Mary Schirmeister; Hortense Steed, director.

Public Speaking: Rulon F. Molen, Nell Jackson.

Los Angeles Stake M. I. A. Chorus.—Edwin M. LeBaron, executive chairman; Vivian Kerr, asst. executive chairman; Wm. C. Salt, director; Hortense Gordon Steed, accompanist.

Loraine T. Crawley, chairman M division: M Men: Cecil Blackhurst, Edwin Booth, Kenneth Cole, Percy Burrell, Loraine T. Crawley, O. J. Davis, Walter Daniels, Chauncey H. Fish, Joseph Gibby, Geo. R. Gygi, Oliver Perry Hancock, Al. Harris, Frank R. Jensen, Fred F. Jensen, V. J. Later, Earl A. Mortensen, Verdie Nielson, Henry Olsen, Clarence Ord, Lynn Osborn, Paul M. Pack, H. Don Preece, Frank Riggs, Joel S. Sedgwick, Ivan G. Stay, Theodore M. Sorensen, David Stewart, Merlin Wilson Sant, Clifford Thomson, Orson Tyler, Roy Urnenbach, Jack West, Glen G. Williams, Karl Treu, John Treu, Carl A. Jonsson, Allen G. Brockbank, Varus A. Keeler, Chauncy Harnion.

Rose Broderson, chairman Gleaner division: Gleaner Girls: Adeline Anderson, Eva Anderson, Lucile Anderson, LaPriel Bell, Ruth Bowman, Rose Broderson, Ilah Castile, Wilma Cheney, Ella Fleming, Edna Forsey, Artel Funk, Vespa Gough, Zola Gough, Louise Gallacher, Anna LaRue Garrison, Kathryn Groesbeck, Zella Hance, Doris Hawks, Ruby T. Hertzog, Clara Hobbs, Erma Jackson, Mildred Jensen, Leona Jenkins, Freda Kolliker, Theo Larson, Lora Hancock, Hattie McLeod, Elvera Olson, Eliza Packard, Margie Pape, Odette Patten, Margaret Pedersen, Freeda Potts, Rhea May Preece, Etta Prickett, Afton Little Reggs, Minnie Kate Robinson, Alta Peggy Rollins, Blanche Ross, Edna Sant, Mary Schirmeister, Lucille Sevey, Josephine Stewart, Frances Stevens, Ruby Stevens, Alma Summervold, Edna Tuttle, Nellie Tyler, Wand Tremelling, Ruth Trenam, Ruth Ursenbach, Doris Youkstetter, Marie S. Youkstetter, Virginia Kofard, Ruth Hoglund, Hazel Carmen Garrison.

Advanced Senior Classes

One of the subjects for study in the Advanced Senior classes this year is "Current Events." Those classes which select this subject will necessarily make special preparation. Current topics should be outlined and developed carefully by each teacher. The General Board Committee cannot give lesson outlines and detailed help, as done in other courses, for events are happening so rapidly that only the alert teacher in the field can keep up with the latest happenings and present them to his class ere they have been supplanted by events of later interest. Each teacher should cultivate a sense of values so that the class period will be spent most profit-

ably. At the opening sessions brief reviews of the big events of the past few months might be profitably considered as an introduction, and preparation for more detailed study later; as an example, the Mexican situation, (see *Tribune* Aug. 8 and Aug 15 for discussion by Monsignor Hunt and President Ivins; also *Passing Events* in this number). world dislike for the United States, fairer relief program, progress in aviation, prohibition, etc. Not every field may be entered each lesson, neither do all fields offer equally rich material at all times, but the eyes of the class should be kept on the most important happenings in science and invention, art and literature, exploration and discovery, religion, ethics and sociology, politics and industry. Committees may be appointed to keep their eyes open for material in specific fields.

A Pleasing Feature of the June Conference

One of the big features of the M. I. A. June conference, 1926, was the "invasion" of three hundred Mutual Improvement workers from the Los Angeles stake, California—stake and ward officers, M Men and Gleaner Girls and general members—who came in a body, by special train, and set a new standard of attendance for the M. I. A. workers throughout the Church. Despite the fact that they had traveled more than 800 miles, they attended the first meeting, and were early, and took part in the various gatherings throughout the conference. Their M. I. A. "Thrift" Chorus, composed of ninety-five voices, thirty-nine M Men and fifty-six Gleaner Girls, with Wm. C. Salt as director, and Hortense Gordon Steed as accompanist, furnished the entire music for two sessions, adding to the interest and delight of those in attendance. Their presence was a stimulus to M. I. A. workers from other stakes, and elicited praise and commendation from the General Officers of the M. I. A. organizations.

Aside, however, from the general feeling of inspiration which their splendid efforts occasioned, they did something definitely beneficial in their own behalf, when their Ladies' Chorus won first place in the finals of the contest, taking the \$50 prize. They were also represented in the Male Quartette and both the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Public Speaking contests.

Though the principal object of their trip was to make their contribution of talents to the success of the June conference, other aims and activities were also on their program. After the conference was over, about ninety members of their company did temple work for themselves or their dead in the Salt Lake temple; and many enjoyed the scenic beauty of southern Utah on their return trip home.

Much credit for the splendid success of the trip as a whole is due to the fine conduct and cooperation of all members of the party, and also to the efficient leadership of those who had the matter in charge.

The M. I. A. officers and board members of the Los Angeles stake, as well as all the general members of the M. I. A., especially the members of the chorus and those who contested in the various activities of the conference, are all to be commended for their foresight, courage and effort in so great an undertaking, which, no doubt, has resulted in marked spiritual growth, and the development of greater love and loyalty for the Church and its institutions. It is an example of the value and possibilities of unselfish cooperation of a large group of ward and stake workers, which may be applied to any worthy endeavor with like results. Perhaps one of the most important benefits of the undertaking was the favorable opportunity it gave the young people, from all parts of that large stake, for wholesome social contact; and the enthusiasm which it has created and developed for Mutual Improvement work, through meeting the recreational urge,



M Men Quartette, St. George stake, who won the gold medal prize at the June Conference: Wendell Robinson, 1st tenor; Lafayette Stahali, 2d tenor; Theone Jones, bass; Elvis B. Terry, baritone.

has been amply manifested. Two members of the party, an M Man and a Gleaner Girl, were recent converts to the Church.

Their endeavors were also successful from a financial point of view, since they had instituted a thrift campaign several weeks before making the trip, by which a fund was created to help defray their expenses. Hence the name "Thrift Chorus." And then by an arrangement with the Railroad Company, which gave them a commission on tickets sold more than a certain number, they not only returned home free from debt, but with a considerable sum of money for their treasury.

These workers from the Los Angeles stake are also appreciative of the praise given them for their efforts, and also of the kind treatment they received while in Salt Lake City and other parts of Utah. "The young people who made this trip," writes Edwin M. LeBaron, their chief executive, "are a unit in voting it the best time of their lives, and all seem to have a deeper and firmer faith in God and an added appreciation for the Church as a means to a constructive, active and happy life. We hear many expressions of love and loyalty from our young people for our presiding authorities since our return, which makes us doubly grateful for our service and association with them."

They have set a precedent, the high standard of which they will strive to maintain, which means, no doubt, that they will come again next year, with even greater strength and power, both in numbers and influence. And their worthy example will be a sufficient incentive, perhaps, to cause other outlying stakes to attend our next M. I. A. conference *enmasse*, and make their contributions, by their presence and activities, to the enthusiasm and great spiritual uplift which result from so many intelligent, active persons coming together for a common, righteous purpose.

Flowers

Is death so bad,
When falling back to sleep
We rest from toil and strife?
Our smiles
Are planted in earth's bosom thence to sprout,
And bring forth flowers
To fringe the dusty way.

Today I walked
The winding pathway through,
And heard the rippling brook
Tell tales
Of sprightly spirits—smiles of other days,
That romp in glades
And play in blythsome May.

Is death so bad,
When each good act lives on
In the mind of child or man,
To bring,
In God's own time, fulfilment of our love?
Flowers on the hills
Are smiles of yesterdays.

Oxford, Idaho.

WILFORD LEE.

Passing Events

Charles N. Fehr is the name of the new Salt Lake City Commissioner, selected to succeed the late Herman H. Green, on July 22, 1926. He is the manager of an optical company and an active member of the Chamber of Commerce.

Mrs. Ferguson, governor of Texas, beaten in the primary elections, declared on July 26 that she would quit. She accepts the defeat as a notice from the voters of the state that they have had enough. The successful Democratic candidate, Dan Moody, attorney-general of Texas, is only 33 years old. Later the lady announced that she would run against Mr. Moody.

Hatred of the United States in Europe seems to grow in intensity. In Paris crowds on the boulevards have been attacking sight-seeing cars containing Americans. The anti-American feeling is formed by newspapers which denounce the American tourists. On the 24th of July there was some talk about the possibility of diplomatic protests against the anti-American demonstrations.

A tornado that swept the Bahama Islands the last week of July caused damage estimated at \$8,000,000. The death toll was reported as 126 on Aug. 1. Thirty-five persons, half the population of the town of Adelaide, escaped death when they sought safety from the raging hurricane in the village church. The islands of Exumu and Eluethera radioed they suffered heavy losses from the hurricane, but gave no details of casualties or of property damage. Shipping men reported, however, that two hundred persons were homeless on the islands.

Miss Gertrude Ederle succeeded in crossing the English channel swimming on Aug. 6. She is the first woman who has accomplished that feat, and her time is the shortest, being 14 hours and 23 minutes. The previous record is 16 hours 23 minutes, held by Sebastian Giraboschi, of Buenos Aires, who, on August 11-12, 1923, made 27 miles across, swimming, in the time mentioned. Miss Ederle's crossing is the sixth, and it is thought her record will stand perhaps forever. She is the 19-year-old daughter of a German-born butcher at Highlands, N. J.

Election frauds in Illinois have been charged, and the charges have been investigated by a grand jury. On July 16, 1926, the jury named 44 election judges and clerks who served in Cook county's April primaries, including five women, in the indictments returned. They are charged with conspiracy and with making a false canvass. Eleven indictments had previously been voted by another jury. The number of stolen votes is estimated at about four millions. Judge Edmund Jarecki has ordered a complete recount of all the votes in the Cook county primaries held last April.

Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson, the Los Angeles evangelist who has been missing and thought dead, turned up June 23, 1926, at Bisbee, Arizona, and was taken to a hospital. She related that she had been kidnapped at Ocean Park, May 18, by two men and a woman, and taken to a shack in Mexico, where she was held for half a million dollars' ransom. She had succeeded in escaping and making her way to Agua Prieta, where she was found by one James Anderson, an American. The sheriff, James F. McDonald, says her apparel gives no evidence of a flight over desert country.

An open letter on the war debt of France to the United States, was published Aug. 9, by Georges Clemenceau, the war minister of France, also known as "the Tiger." The burden of his appeal is that nations are not

business houses that can settle their accounts at the cashier's window. The debt in question is one of war and not of commerce, and should not be regarded as a financial obligation. France will never consent to mortgage her territorial possessions as security for the debt. "France is not for sale, even to her friends," etc. In other words the United States is a soulless creditor. The letter has caused a great stir in political circles in France, and indignation in this country.

¹ *An Indian congress was held at Spokane, beginning July 21, 1926, where the Indian interests were discussed. The older Indians complained of the failure of the government to keep treaty agreements, while the younger generation urged the Indians to appeal to the government for redress. "Hitherto," Levi Walker of the Klamath tribe said, "we have been silent parties in the administration of Indian affairs. Today we are intending to cooperate with the government." United States Senator Wesley L. Jones was among the few white men on the platform at the first session. He assured the Indians of the government's intention to treat them fairly and eventually to grant them full rights of citizenship.*

Robert Todd Lincoln, was found dead in his bed at his Summer residence at Manchester, Vt., July 26, 1926. He was the only surviving son of President Abraham Lincoln. Servants found him dead in the morning. On Aug. 1, he would have been 83 years old. One of his two daughters, Mrs. Charles Isham of New York, has her Summer home near. Two of his three grandchildren, Mary Beckwith and James Beckwith, the children of his other daughter, Mrs. F. E. Johnson of Washington, came to Hildene a few days ago. He is survived also by his widow and a third grandchild, Lincoln Isham of New York City. Mr. Lincoln had served as secretary of war, minister to Great Britain and for years as president of the Pullman company. Of late he has been in feeble health.

*Around the world in 28 days, 14 hours, 36 minutes, 51 seconds is the record made by Edward S. Evans and Linton O. Wells, who arrived in New York, July 15, 1926, at 4:10 p. m., having traveled 20,100 miles over land and sea, by train, steam boats, airplanes and automobiles. The two travelers started from Park row at 1:30 a. m., June 16 in dinner clothes, following a farewell banquet given in their honor at the Ritz Carlton. They sped to the battery in an automobile, took a coast guard speed boat and overtook the *Aquitania*, which already had sailed, down the bay. They arrived today in grimy khaki overalls, their faces burned by the winds of eight countries through which they have passed and smeared with the grease of the planes in which they made their final sprint across country today from Rantoul, Ill., to Mitchell field, Long Island.*

*Israel Zangwill passed away at a Midhurst, Sussex, England, hospital, Aug. 1, 1926, of pneumonia. He was a famous playwright and novelist, an ardent Zionist and exponent of modern Judaism. He made his reputation in 1892 with his novel, "The Children of the Ghetto." He was born in London, Feb. 14, 1864. He became the founder of the literary journal *Ariel* and the *London Puck*. He was an enthusiast for the gathering of the Jews. Long before the establishment of a Jewish homeland in Palestine, Zangwill had made several efforts to create settlements abroad for his race, suffering from persecution under the czarist regime in Russia. At the Zionist congress in Basel in 1905, he urged acceptance of a British proposal regarding a Jewish settlement in British East Africa. Later he advocated a plan to settle Jewish families in Galveston, Texas, and, in 1908, he urged Mesopotamia as the place for a Jewish homeland.*

Mrs. Sarah Jane Rich Miller died at a Salt Lake hospital, Aug 5, at the age of 87 years. She was the daughter of the late Elder Charles C. Rich, of the Council of Twelve, and Mrs. Sarah de Armon P. Rich. She was born at Quincy, Ill., March 4, 1839. At Nauvoo she knew the Prophet Joseph Smith, who was an intimate friend of her parents. At the age

of eight, she was baptized by her father in the Missouri river, near Winter Quarters. With the company of emigrants headed by her father, Mrs. Miller arrived in Salt Lake valley in October, 1847. She married John Tobin, by whom she had one daughter, Ella, who now lives in Salt Lake. Following the demise of Mr. Tobin, she married Thomas R. Miller, who wrote for the Salt Lake Herald under the name of "Plus Ultra." Mrs. Miller was an earnest Church worker all her life, and was president of the Young Ladies Retrenchment Society, forerunner of the Y. L. M. I. A. in the Seventeenth ward in 1870.

Mrs. Martha Alice Goddard, the wife of Elder Benjamin Goddard, of the Church Bureau of Information, died at a local hospital Aug. 1. For years Mrs. Goddard was known as "Aunt Allie," dear to the hearts of hundreds of children and grown-ups who had partaken of her hospitality. She was born in Lancashire, England, Jan. 14, 1855, and emigrated to Utah in 1879. Her services in the Primary Association and Relief Society extended over 40 years and were only discontinued during the past few years due to ill health. As a member of the Relief Society she gave much of her time to ministering to the sick and distressed, to comforting and assisting at times of death. For many years she was a member of the Tabernacle choir. Her home was always a center of social activity and hundreds of friends will recall the genuineness of her hospitality. Surviving Mrs. Goddard, in addition to her husband, are one son, J. Percy Goddard; two sisters, Mrs. Emma Goddard and Mrs. Hannah Stott, Meadow, Utah, and the following grandchildren: Norma, Orson, Harold and Alice Ruth Goddard.

Mrs. Sally Allred Hyde died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Caroline Turner, in Logan, Sunday, Aug. 1. She was at the time of her death one of the few then still living who had been personally acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith. Her grandfather's home was in the same block in Nauvoo as that of the prophet and her grandfather was one of his body guards. She remembered seeing the prophet pass and of his placing his hand upon her head; of her brother sitting often on the prophet's knee. She also remembered him riding at the head of the Nauvoo Legion. Mrs. Hyde was born, Dec. 31, 1834, near Salt Creek, Monroe county, Missouri, the daughter of Martin C. and Polly Heskett Allred, both of whom died in 1839, leaving Sally and her three brothers and two sisters who were taken into the home of the grandparents, James and Elizabeth Allred. When the call was made for the Mormon Battalion her brothers and uncle joined, taking with them their wives. Sally accompanied them to Salt Lake on Aug. 28, 1849, where she lived with her sister-in-law and sister at the old fort. She was married Sept. 1, 1850, to William Hyde by President Brigham Young. Shortly after this a home was made for her in Big Cottonwood when her husband was called on a mission to Australia. Upon his return they moved to Salt Lake, thence to Lehi, then up to Cache valley, settling in what is now known as Hyde Park.

U. S. Senator Albert B. Cummins passed away, July 30, 1926, at his home in Des Moines, Iowa, of heart disease. Born on February 15, 1850, near Carmichael, Pa., Mr. Cummins was a son of Thomas and Sarah Cummins. His father was a carpenter and the son picked up the elements of that trade as an odd-time helper to his parent. He attended public school and later entered college at Waynesboro. Early in his college career he felt the call of the West, and set out for the territory beyond the Mississippi. Here he became interested in railroad construction and was offered a position with the Rio Grande. So he started for Denver, but while waiting for his train in Chicago a friend suggested that he remain and study law, which he did. After being admitted to the bar in Chicago, he moved to Des Moines, where he worked his way to the front rapidly. In 1887, some Republicans bolted their party and named him as an independent candidate for the legislature. He was elected and served one term. Five years later he was made chairman of the Republican state convention. Soon afterward Mr.

Cummings made his first fight for a place in the United States Senate, but was defeated by a narrow margin. He rallied to his support many young men, and the party divided into Cummins and anti-Cummins elements. In 1901, after a stormy campaign, he was elected governor, a place he held until his election to the senate. He was a member of three senate committees—judiciary, of which he was chairman; interstate commerce, of which he formerly was head, and territories and insular possessions. At the primary election June 7, 1926, he was defeated for re-nomination.

Mrs. Priscilla Jennings Riter died suddenly in Copenhagen, Denmark, Aug. 4, 1926. For some time she has been in poor health and thought a voyage would benefit her. In company with Mrs. Walter P. Jennings, Miss Lucy Van Cott, and Mrs. Ann M. Cannon, she had visited Sweden and gone over to Denmark, and that ended her earthly journey. She was the widow of W. W. Riter, the prominent pioneer and business man, and the daughter of Wm. and Priscilla P. Jennings. She was born in Salt Lake City, July 19, 1860. Mrs. Riter was one of the charter members and the first president of the Utah chapter of the American Red Cross society, organized in May, 1898, by the late Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells. Mrs. Riter was also an active member of the Authors' Club, which she joined about twenty-nine years ago. As a wife of a member of the board of regents of the University of Utah, Mrs. Riter was a member of the Women of the University of Utah and always supported its interest. Women's Church organizations also claimed Mrs. Riter's loyal cooperation. She was a member of the Relief Society and Mutual Improvement Association and the Friendship Circle of the Church. She was married to Mr. Riter in April, 1883. Both her father and her husband were pioneers in the industrial development of the state. She is survived by the following sons and daughters: Levi J. Riter. Mrs. Maude R. Cannon, Mrs. May R. Garn, all of Salt Lake; also the following brothers and sisters: Frank W. Jennings, Joseph A. Jennings, William C. Jennings, James E. Jennings, Walter P. Jennings of Salt Lake; Harry Jennings, Los Angeles; Harold P. Jennings, Oakland, Calif.; Mrs. James Eldredge, Bountiful, and Mrs. W. S. Crismon, Los Angeles.

The war in Mexico between the Catholic church and the government entered a critical stage on July 25, 1926, when the archbishop of Mexico, Moray del Rio, and associated archbishops and bishops, by order from Rome, issued a pastoral letter suspending all religious services requiring the administration of priests, in the Catholic churches in Mexico, after July 31. That was done as a protest against the enforcement of the law of 1917, aimed against the political propaganda of the clergymen. The evident object of the suspension of Catholic services was seemingly to set the population against the government and thus compel it to submit to the pope. In addition to suspending the services, the pastoral letter prohibits parents from sending their sons to non-Catholic schools, and threatens all who aid in the enforcement of anti-Catholic laws and all informers with excommunication. According to a report from the City of Mexico, dated July 27, the mayor of Nochistan, Zacatecas, was murdered by a mob. Several other cases of fatal violence have since then been reported. The Mexican Federation of Labor, on July 29, issued a manifesto declaring its intention to stand by the government in this struggle for freedom. On July 26 an announcement was made at the President's office to the effect that Latter-day Saint missionaries had been recalled from that country, because the Church desires to comply with the present requirements of the government in Mexico as in every country. It is unlawful now in Mexico for foreigners to do missionary work there. But the work of the Church is therefore not at an end in that country. There are local elders, who can take care of the Saints and their spiritual interests, and they will shoulder the responsibility. President Anthony W. Ivins explains that the withdrawal is purely voluntary upon the part of Church officials and is a part of the compliance with Mexico's alien religious law, which affects all creeds in the country and

does not permit religious instruction by any but native teachers. It is estimated that there are about seventy elders in the Mexican mission, but many of these are not stationed in Mexico but in the southern parts of the United States, which belong to the Mexican mission. On August 13, the pope sent out protests against the policy of the Mexican government to all papal nuncios and other representatives of the Vatican abroad, with the request that these documents be communicated to the Catholics in all the world. The pope says that the decrees of President Calles are illegal on a juridical basis; that the application of these laws are barbarous, and that they are not sound theology. On the same date emissaries of the Knights of Columbus, in a conference with Secretary Kellogg, urged that the United States interfere in Mexico on behalf of Rome. The secretary, shortly afterwards, started for White Pine Camp, where President Coolidge is passing the Summer months. The present policy of our government is to let Mexico settle her own internal troubles. At the same time American lives and interests will be protected.

Sunrise From the Top of Mount Timp

A long, hard climb in the gray of dawn,
 The summit attained at last;
 The sleeping world in peace at my feet.
 In a haze of soft blue mist.

The blush in the east grows rosy and deep;
 Heralded by an up-shooting ray,
 A ball of gold in glory appears.
 A miracle! The birth of a Day!

The endless stretching away of the earth,
 The wide dome over me bent,
 An inexpressible soul-stirring within,
 And I return to my home content.

For the sordid round of daily tasks
 Will not be the same to me,
 Since standing on top of the world, I caught
 A glimpse of eternity.

St. George, Utah.

JUANITA PULSIPHER.

Mother Dear

Out of the Garden Eternal was chosen
 A Flower which makes of this earth a heaven,
 And each blossom a royal shrine.
 'Tis the love of a Mother
 Full of faith and devotion,
 Which is loyal, everlasting and true;
 And if God ever made a flower divine
 'Twas the spirit of you—Dear Mother o' Mine

Springville, Utah

CAROL BIRD

The Era Appreciated—"The *Era* is certainly a great help in our labors. At home a person does not fully realize the worth of the magazine; in the mission field it comes in handy. In my case, we always had the *Improvement Era* in our home, but I did not fully appreciate it until I was in the mission field. From now on it will always be a source of great joy."—*D. R. Skidmore, Austria.*

"We all enjoy the *Era* very much. I recently loaned a copy to an English friend, who was very well pleased with the magazine. The *Era* should be numbered as one of our best missionaries."—*Constance Cannon, Swiss-German Mission, Basel, Switzerland.*

IMPROVEMENT ERA, SEPTEMBER, 1926

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HUMOROUS HINTS

A Scotchman visited a London specialist and was told that he might die any minute. He took an accommodation train for his highland home at once.

At each station—and the train stopped every mile or two—the Scotchman jumped off, ran into the ticket office and then hopped on again as his train was pulling out.

Finally a brakeman asked him what all these maneuvers meant. He explained: "I may die at any minute, so I am buying my ticket from station to station."—J. W., Utah.

* * * *

Darkey: "Officer ah needs protection; ah does."

Officer: "Why, Sambo?"

Darkey: "I done got a unanimous lettah which reads, 'Nigah, leave ma chickens be.'"

Officer: "Well, all you got to do is let them alone."

Darkey: "How does ah know whose chickens to let alone?"—F. C. L., Canada.

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Satisfaction All Around—Marcus, a Jewish gentleman, was fond of blooded horses. What was claimed to be a very fine animal was offered to him at the bargain price of \$100, "as is."

"I'll take him," said Marcus.

He was surprised, however, when several days later the horse was delivered to him dead. He had bought the horse "as is."

Next day he met his friend Abe on the street.

"Ah! Marcus," said Abe, "it is being noised abroad that you got stung on a horse. Yes?"

"Who, me? Abe, I should get stung on a horse!"

"Vell, Marcus, I hear you bought a dead horse for \$100. Ain't—that getting stung?"

"Abie, you should know you are talking to a smart man. Should you not understand, let me tell you. I sold twenty chances on that horse at \$100 a chance."

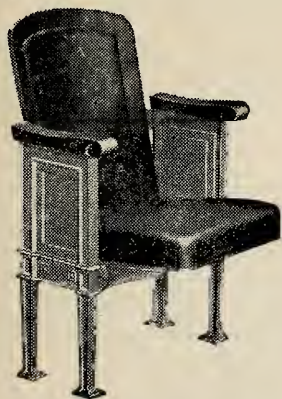
"Vell?"

"Vell! The only guy vat got sore vas the one vat von the horse and I give him his money back."—P. M. Morris, Idaho.

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60	Medium unbleached	59	Med. 1/2 silk 1/2 wool
22	Medium bleached	21	Light silk stripe wool
19	Heavy unbleached	25	Lt. 1/2 silk 1/2 wool
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Specify OLD or NEW Style, long or short legs or sleeves. Give these MEASUREMENTS for all styles: Length, from top of shoulder to inside ankle bone. Bust: Around body under arms. Sleeve: From shoulder seam down to length desired. Double backs 20c extra per Garment.

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Deseret News

Salt Lake City, Utah

Our Shiek Says.—It isn't the original
putting on the trousers that counts—it's
the upkeep.—Perrins.

* * *

He: "I always kiss the stamps on your
letters, because I know that your lips have
touched them."

She: "O, dear, and to think that I
damped them on Fido's nose."—U. P.
Magazine.

* * *

"Dey had to t'row water on Sam John-
son's face at his wife's funeral."

"Dasso? He done fainted?"

"No, indeed; he's jes' uncommonly
sound sleeper."

* * *

Isadore Rosenbaum went into business.
Among his customers was a miserly old
fellow named Cassidy, who wouldn't set-
tle. When his clerk told him about it,
Rosenbaum said: "What kind of a letter
did you write him?" The clerk told him,
but Rosenbaum insisted, "That is no kind
of letter to write," and sat down and
wrote the following:

"Mr. Cassidy, who bought those goods
of us? You. Who promised to pay in
sixty days? You. Who's a dirty loafer?
Yours truly, Isadore Rosenbaum."—How
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"A colored murderer has just been hanged by the due process of the law—not lynching, you know," said a man to a good old colored preacher.

The old preacher replied: "Thank goodness de brack man am gittin' his just deserts at last!"—*Los Angeles Times*.

* * *

As we understand it, the "wets" were sore because they had no "kick" coming.—*The Weekly Journal*.

* * *

Not knowing what styles will be twenty-five years hence, it is a little hard to say where the child ought to be vaccinated.—*Detroit News*.

* * *

If only the dear things wouldn't get the bloom of youth higher on one cheek than on the other.—*El Paso Herald*.

* * *

Teacher: "What is pasteurized milk?"

City Pupil: "It's milk you get when you leave the cows in the pasture."—*The Monitor*.

* * *

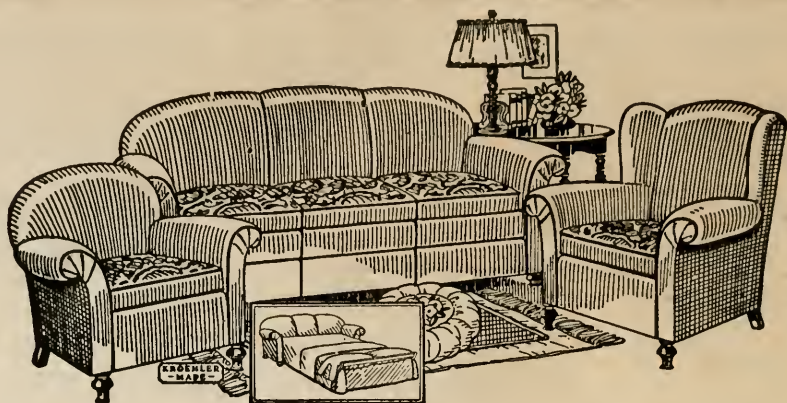
"Waiter, this steak is terribly tough."

"Sir, we are not responsible for the morals of our food."—*Roger's Chanticleer*.

* * *

Shoes Are Coming Back.—Yes, the little dears must wear something.—*Perrins*.

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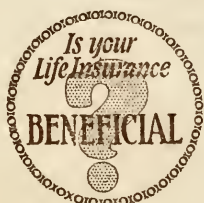


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